

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 2ND. I have a few lines more to add to this day's entry before I go to bed to-night.

About two hours after Sir Percival rose from the luncheon-table to receive his solicitor, Mr. Merriman, in the library, I left my room, alone, to take a walk in the plantations. Just as I was at the end of the landing, the library door opened, and the two gentlemen came out. Thinking it best not to disturb them by appearing on the stairs, I resolved to defer going down till they had crossed the hall. Although they spoke to each other in guarded tones, their words were pronounced with sufficient distinctness of utterance to reach my ears.

"Make your mind easy, Sir Percival," I heard the lawyer say. "It all rests with Lady Glyde."

I had turned to go back to my own room, for a minute or two; but the sound of Laura's name, on the lips of a stranger, stopped me instantly. I dare say it was very wrong and very discreditable to listen—but where is the woman, in the whole range of our sex, who can regulate her actions by the abstract principles of honour, when those principles point one way, and when her affections, and the interests which grow out of them, point the other?

I listened; and, under similar circumstances, I would listen again—yes! with my ear at the keyhole, if I could not possibly manage it in any other way.

"You quite understand, Sir Percival?" the lawyer went on. "Lady Glyde is to sign her name in the presence of a witness—or of two witnesses, if you wish to be particularly careful—and is then to put her finger on the seal, and say, 'I deliver this as my act and deed.' If that is done in a week's time, the arrangement will be perfectly successful, and the anxiety will be all over. If not——"

"What do you mean by 'if not?'" asked Sir Percival, angrily. "If the thing *must* be done, it *shall* be done. I promise you that, Merriman."

"Just so, Sir Percival—just so; but there are two alternatives in all transactions; and we lawyers like to look both of them in the face boldly. If through any extraordinary circumstance the arrangement should *not* be made, I think I may be able to get the parties to accept bills at three months. But how the money is to be raised when the bills fall due——"

"Damn the bills! The money is only to be got in one way; and in that way, I tell you again, it *shall* be got. Take a glass of wine, Merriman, before you go."

"Much obliged, Sir Percival; I have not a moment to lose if I am to catch the up-train. You will let me know as soon as the arrangement is complete? and you will not forget the caution I recommended——"

"Of course I won't. There's the dog-cart at the door for you. Jump in. My groom will get you to the station in no time. Benjamin, drive like mad! If Mr. Merriman misses the train, you lose your place. Hold fast, Merriman, and if you are upset, trust to the devil to save his own." With that parting benediction, the baronet turned about, and walked back to the library.

I had not heard much; but the little that had reached my ears was enough to make me feel uneasy. The "something" that "had happened," was but too plainly a serious money-embarrassment; and Sir Percival's relief from it depended upon Laura. The prospect of seeing her involved in her husband's secret difficulties filled me with dismay, exaggerated, no doubt, by my ignorance of business and my settled distrust of Sir Percival. Instead of going out, as I had proposed, I went back immediately to Laura's room to tell her what I had heard.

She received my bad news so composedly as to surprise me. She evidently knows more of her husband's character and her husband's embarrassments than I have suspected up to this time.

"I feared as much," she said, "when I heard of that strange gentleman who called, and declined to leave his name."

"Who do you think the gentleman was, then?" I asked.

"Some person who has heavy claims on Sir Percival," she answered; "and who has been the cause of Mr. Merriman's visit here to-day."

"Do you know anything about those claims?"

"No; I know no particulars."

"You will sign nothing, Laura, without first looking at it?"

"Certainly not, Marian. Whatever I can harmlessly and honestly do to help him I will do—for the sake of making your life and mine, love, as easy and as happy as possible. But I will do nothing, ignorantly, which we might, one day, have reason to feel ashamed of. Let us say no more about it, now. You have got your

hat on—suppose we go and dream away the afternoon in the grounds?"

On leaving the house, we directed our steps to the nearest shade. As we passed an open space among the trees in front of the house, there was Count Fosco, slowly walking backwards and forwards on the grass, sunning himself in the full blaze of the hot July afternoon. He had a broad straw hat on, with a violet-coloured ribbon round it. A blue blouse, with profuse white fancy-work over the bosom, covered his prodigious body, and was girt about the place where his waist might once have been, with a broad scarlet leather belt. Nankeen trousers, displaying more white fancy-work over the ankles, and purple morocco slippers adorned his lower extremities. He was singing Figaro's famous song in the Barber of Seville, with that crisply fluent vocalisation which is never heard from any other than an Italian throat; accompanying himself on the concertina, which he played with ecstasie throwings-up of his arms, and graceful twistings, and turnings of his head, like a fat St. Ceellin masquerading in male attire. "Figaro quà! Figaro là! Figaro sù! Figaro giù!" sang the Count, jauntily tossing up the concertina at arms' length, and bowing to us, on one side of the instrument, with the airy grace and elegance of Figaro himself at twenty years of age.

"Take my word for it, Laura, that man knows something of Sir Percival's embarrassments," I said, as we returned the Count's salutation from a safe distance.

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

"How should he have known, otherwise, that Mr. Merriman was Sir Percival's solicitor?" I rejoined. "Besides, when I followed you out of the luncheon-room, he told me, without a single word of inquiry on my part, that something had happened. Depend upon it, he knows more than we do."

"Don't ask him any questions, if he does. Don't take him into our confidence!"

"You seem to dislike him, Laura, in a very determined manner. What has he said or done to justify you?"

"Nothing, Marian. On the contrary, he was all kindness and attention on our journey home, and he several times checked Sir Percival's out-breaks of temper, in the most considerate manner towards me. Perhaps, I dislike him because he has so much more power over my husband than I have. Perhaps it hurts my pride to be under any obligations to his interference. All I know is, that I do dislike him."

The rest of the day and the evening passed quietly enough. The Count and I played at chess. For the first two games he politely allowed me to conquer him; and then, when he saw that I had found him out, begged my pardon, and, at the third game, checkmated me in ten minutes. Sir Percival never once referred, all through the evening, to the lawyer's visit. But either that event, or something else, had produced a singular alteration for the better in him. He was as polite and agreeable to all of us, as he used to be in the days of his probation

at Limmeridge; and he was so amazingly attentive and kind to his wife, that even icy Madame Fosco was roused into looking at him with a grave surprise. What does this mean? I think I can guess; I am afraid Laura can guess; and I am quite sure Count Fosco knows. I caught Sir Percival looking at him for approval more than once in the course of the evening.

3rd. A day of events. I most fervently hope and pray I may not have to add, a day of disasters as well.

Sir Percival was as silent at breakfast as he had been the evening before, on the subject of the mysterious "arrangement" (as the lawyer called it), which is hanging over our heads. An hour afterwards, however, he suddenly entered the morning-room, where his wife and I were waiting, with our hats on, for Madame Fosco to join us; and inquired for the Count.

"We expect to see him here directly," I said.

"The fact is," Sir Percival went on, walking nervously about the room, "I want Fosco and his wife in the library, for a mere business formality; and I want you there, Laura, for a minute, too." He stopped, and appeared to notice, for the first time, that we were in our walking costume. "Have you just come in?" he asked, "or were you just going out?"

"We were all thinking of going to the lake this morning," said Laura. "But if you have any other arrangement to propose—"

"No, no," he answered, hastily. "My arrangement can wait. After lunch will do as well for it, as after breakfast. All going to the lake, eh? A good idea. Let's have an idle morning; I'll be one of the party."

There was no mistaking his manner, even if it had been possible to mistake the uncharacteristic readiness which his words expressed, to submit his own plans and projects to the convenience of others. He was evidently relieved at finding any excuse for delaying the business formality in the library, to which his own words had referred. My heart sank within me, as I drew the inevitable inference.

The Count and his wife joined us, at that moment. The lady had her husband's embroidered tobacco-pouch, and her store of paper in her hand, for the manufacture of the eternal cigarettes. The gentleman, dressed, as usual, in his blouse and straw hat, carried the gay little pagoda-cage, with his darling white mice in it, and smiled on them, and on us, with a bland amiability which it was impossible to resist.

"With your kind permission," said the Count, "I will take my small family, here—my poor-little-harmless-pretty-Mouseys, out for an airing along with us. There are dogs about the house, and shall I leave my forlorn white children at the mercies of the dogs? Ah, never!"

He chirruped paternally at his small white children through the bars of the pagoda; and we all left the house for the lake.

In the plantation, Sir Percival strayed away from us. It seems to be part of his restless disposition always to separate himself from his

companions on these occasions, and always to occupy himself, when he is alone, in cutting new walking-sticks for his own use. The mere act of cutting and lopping, at hazard, appears to please him. He has filled the house with walking-sticks of his own making, not one of which he ever takes up for a second time. When they have been once used, his interest in them is all exhausted, and he thinks of nothing but going on, and making more.

At the old boat-house, he joined us again. I will put down the conversation that ensued, when we were all settled in our places, exactly as it passed. It is an important conversation, so far as I am concerned, for it has seriously disposed me to distrust the influence which Count Fosco has exercised over my thoughts and feelings, and to resist it, for the future, as resolutely as I can.

The boat-house was large enough to hold us all; but Sir Percival remained outside, trimming the last new stick with his pocket-axe. We three women found plenty of room on the large seat. Laura took her work, and Madame Fosco began her cigarettes. I, as usual, had nothing to do. My hands always were, and always will be, as awkward as a man's. The Count good-humouredly took a stool, many sizes too small for him, and balanced himself on it with his back against the side of the shed, which creaked and groaned under his weight. He put the pagoda-cage on his lap, and let out the mice to crawl over him as usual. They are pretty, innocent-looking little creatures; but the sight of them creeping about a man's body is, for some reason, not pleasant to me. It excites a strange, responsive creeping in my own nerves; and suggests hideous ideas of men dying in prison, with the crawling creatures of the dungeon preying on them undisturbed.

The morning was windy and cloudy; and the rapid alternations of shadow and sunlight over the waste of the lake, made the view look doubly wild, weird, and gloomy.

"Some people call that picturesque," said Sir Percival, pointing over the wide prospect with his half-finished walking-stick. "I call it a blot on a gentleman's property. In my grandfather's time, the lake flowed to this place. Look at it now! It is not four feet deep anywhere, and it is all puddles and pools. I wish I could afford to drain it, and plant it all over. My bailiff (a superstitious idiot) says he is quite sure the lake has a curse on it, like the Dead Sea. What do you think, Fosco? It looks just the place for a murder, doesn't it?"

"My good Percival!" remonstrated the Count. "What is your solid English sense thinking of? The water is too shallow to hide the body; and there is sand everywhere to print off the murderer's footsteps. It is, upon the whole, the very worst place for a murder that I ever set my eyes on."

"Humb!" said Sir Percival, cutting away fiercely at his stick. "You know what I mean. The dreary scenery—the lonely situation. If you choose to understand me, you can—if you

don't choose, I am not going to trouble myself to explain my meaning."

"And why not," asked the Count, "when your meaning can be explained by anybody in two words? If a fool was going to commit a murder, your lake is the first place he would choose for it. If a wise man was going to commit a murder, your lake is the last place he would choose for it. Is that your meaning? If it is, there is your explanation for you, ready made. Take it Percival, with your good Fosco's blessing."

Laura looked at the Count, with her dislike for him appearing a little too plainly in her face. He was so busy with his mice that he did not notice her.

"I am sorry to hear the lake-view connected with anything so horrible as the idea of murder," she said. "And if Count Fosco must divide murderers into classes, I think he has been very unfortunate in his choice of expressions. To describe them as fools only, seems like treating them with an indulgence to which they have no claim. And to describe them as wise men, sounds to me like a downright contradiction in terms. I have always heard that truly wise men are truly good men, and have a horror of crime."

"My dear lady," said the Count, "those are admirable sentiments; and I have seen them stated at the tops of copy-books." He lifted one of the white mice in the palm of his hand, and spoke to it in his whimsical way. "My pretty little smooth white rascal," he said, "here is a moral lesson for you. A truly wise Mouse is a truly good Mouse. Mention that, if you please, to your companions, and never gnaw at the bars of your cage again as long as you live."

"It is easy to turn everything into ridicule," said Laura, resolutely; "but you will not find it quite so easy, Count Fosco, to give me an instance of a wise man who has been a great criminal."

The Count shrugged his huge shoulders, and smiled on Laura in the friendliest manner.

"Most true!" he said. "The fool's crime is the crime that is found out; and the wise man's crime is the crime that is not found out. If I could give you an instance, it would not be the instance of a wise man. Dear Lady Glyde, your sound English common sense has been too much for me. It is checkmate for me this time, Miss Halcombe—ha!"

"Stand to your guns, Laura," sneered Sir Percival, who had been listening in his place at the door. "Tell him, next, that crimes cause their own detection. There's another bit of copy-book morality for you, Fosco. Crimes cause their own detection. What infernal humbug!"

"I believe it to be true," said Laura, quietly.

Sir Percival burst out laughing; so violently, so outrageously, that he quite startled us all—the Count more than any of us.

"I believe it, too," I said, coming to Laura's rescue.

Sir Percival, who had been unaccountably amused at his wife's remark, was, just as unac-

countably, irritated by mine. He struck the new walking-stick savagely on the sand, and walked away from us.

"Poor, dear Percival!" cried Count Fosco, looking after him gaily; "he is the victim of English spleen. But, my dear Miss Halcombe, my dear Lady Glyde, do you really believe that crimes cause their own detection? And you, my angel," he continued, turning to his wife, who had not uttered a word yet, "do you think so too?"

"I wait to be instructed," replied the Countess, in tones of freezing reproof, intended for Laura and me, "before I venture on giving my opinion in the presence of well-informed men."

"Do you, indeed?" I said. "I remember the time, Countess, when you advocated the Rights of Women—and freedom of female opinion was one of them."

"What is your view of the subject, Count?" asked Madame Fosco, calmly proceeding with her cigarettes, and not taking the least notice of me.

The Count stroked one of his white mice reflectively with his chubby little-finger before he answered.

"It is truly wonderful," he said, "how easily Society can console itself for the worst of its short-comings with a little bit of clap-trap. The machinery it has set up for the detection of crime is miserably ineffective—and yet only invent a moral epigram, saying that it works well, and you blind everybody to its blunders, from that moment. Crimes cause their own detection, do they? And murder will out (another moral epigram), will it? Ask Coroners who sit at inquests in large towns if that is true, Lady Glyde. Ask secretaries of life-assurance companies if that is true, Miss Halcombe. Read your own public journals. In the few cases that get into the newspapers, are there not instances of slain bodies found, and no murderers ever discovered? Multiply the cases that are reported by the cases that are *not* reported, and the bodies that are found by the bodies that are *not* found; and what conclusion do you come to? This. That there are foolish criminals who are discovered, and wise criminals who escape. The hiding of a crime, or the detection of a crime, what is it? A trial of skill between the police on one side, and the individual on the other. When the criminal is a brutal, ignorant fool, the police, in nine cases out of ten, win. When the criminal is a resolute, educated, highly-intelligent man, the police, in nine cases out of ten, lose. If the police win, you generally hear all about it. If the police lose, you generally hear nothing. And on this tottering foundation you build up your comfortable moral maxim that Crime causes its own detection! Yes—all the crime you know of. And, what of the rest?"

"Devilish true, and very well put," cried a voice at the entrance of the boat-house. Sir Percival had recovered his equanimity and had come back while we were listening to the Count.

"Some of it may be true," I said; "and all of it may be very well put. But I don't see why Count Fosco should celebrate the victory of the criminal over society with so much

exultation, or why you, Sir Percival, should applaud him so loudly for doing it."

"Do you hear that, Fosco?" asked Sir Percival, with a sneer. "Take my advice, and make your peace with your audience. Tell them Virtue's a fine thing—they like that, I can promise you."

The Count laughed inwardly and silently; and two of the white mice in his waistcoat, alarmed by the internal convulsion going on beneath them, darted out in a violent hurry, and scrambled into their cage again.

"The ladies, my good, Percival, shall tell me about virtue," he said. "They are better authorities than I am; for they know what virtue is, and I don't."

"You hear him?" said Sir Percival. "Isn't it awful?"

"It is true," said the Count, quietly. "I am a citizen of the world, and I have met, in my time, with so many different sorts of virtue, that I am puzzled, in my old age, to say which is the right sort and which is the wrong. Here, in England, there is one virtue. And there, in China, there is another virtue. And John Englishman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And John Chinaman says my virtue is the genuine virtue. And I say Yes to one, or No to the other, and am just as much bewildered about it in the case of John with the top-boots as I am in the case of John with the pigtail. Ah, nice little Mousey! come, kiss me. What is your own private notion of a virtuous man, my pret-pret-pretty? A man who keeps you warm, and gives you plenty to eat. And a good notion, too, for it is intelligible, at the least."

"Stay a minute, Count," I interposed. "Accepting your illustration, surely we have one unquestionable virtue in England, which is wanting in China. The Chinese authorities kill thousands of innocent people, on the most horribly frivolous pretences. We, in England, are free from all guilt of that kind—we commit no such dreadful crime—we abhor reckless bloodshed, with all our hearts."

"Quite right, Marian," said Laura. "Well thought of, and well expressed."

"Pray allow the Count to proceed," said Madame Fosco, with stern civility. "You will find, young ladies, that he never speaks without having excellent reasons for all that he says."

"Thank you, my angel," replied the Count. "Have a bonbon?" He took out of his pocket a pretty little inlaid box, and placed it open on the table. "Chocolat à la Vanille," cried the impenetrable man, cheerfully rattling the sweetmeats in the box, and bowing all round. "Offered by Fosco as an act of homage to the charming society."

"Be good enough to go on, Count," said his wife, with a spiteful reference to myself. "Oblige me by answering Miss Halcombe."

"Miss Halcombe is unanswerable," replied the polite Italian—"that is to say, so far as she goes. Yes! I agree with her. John Bull does abhor the crimes of John Chinaman. He is the quickest old gentleman at finding out the faults

that are his neighbours', and the slowest old gentleman at finding out the faults that are his own, who exists on the face of creation. Is he so very much better in his way, than the people whom he condemns in their way? English society, Miss Halcombe, is as often the accomplice, as it is the enemy of crime. Yes! yes! Crime is in this country what crime is in other countries—a good friend to a man and to those about him, as often as it is an enemy. A great rascal provides for his wife and family. The worse he is, the more he makes them the objects for your sympathy. He often provides, also, for himself. A profligate spendthrift who is always borrowing money, will get more from his friends than the rigidly honest man who only borrows of them once, under pressure of the direst want. In the one case, the friends will not be at all surprised, and they will give. In the other case, they will be very much surprised, and they will hesitate. Is the prison that Mr. Scoundrel lives in, at the end of his career, a more uncomfortable place than the workhouse that Mr. Honesty lives in, at the end of *his* career? When John-Howard-Philanthropist wants to relieve misery, he goes to find it in prisons, where crime is wretched—not in huts and hovels, where virtue is wretched too. Who is the English poet who has won the most universal sympathy—who makes the easiest of all subjects for pathetic writing and pathetic painting? That nice young person who began life with a forgery, and ended it by a suicide—your dear, romantic, interesting Chatterton. Which gets on best, do you think, of two poor starving dressmakers—the woman who resists temptation, and is honest, or the woman who falls under temptation, and steals? You all know that the stealing is the making of that second woman's fortune—it advertises her from length to breadth of good-humoured, charitable England—and she is relieved, as the breaker of a commandment, when she would have been left to starve, as the keeper of it. Come here, my jolly little Mouse! Hey! presto! pass! I transform you, for the time being, into a respectable lady. Stop there, in the palm of my great big hand, my dear, and listen. You marry the poor man whom you love, Mouse; and one half your friends pity, and the other half blame you. And, now, on the contrary, you sell yourself for gold to a man you don't care for; and all your friends rejoice over you; and a minister of public worship sanctions the base horror of the vilest of all human bargains; and smiles and smirks afterwards at your table, if you are polite enough to ask him to breakfast. Hey! presto! pass! Be a mouse again, and squeak. If you continue to be a lady much longer, I shall have you telling me that Society abhors crime—and then, Mouse, I shall doubt if your own eye and ears are really of any use to you. Ah! I am a bad man, Lady Glyde, am I not? I say what other people only think; and when all the rest of the world is in a conspiracy to accept the mask for the true face, mine is the rash hand that tears off the plump pasteboard, and shows the bare

bones beneath. I will get up on my big, elephant's legs, before I do myself any more harm in your amiable estimations—I will get up, and take a little airy walk of my own. Dear ladies, as your excellent Sheridan said, I go—and leave my character behind me."

He got up; put the cage on the table; and paused, for a moment, to count the mice in it. "One, two, three, four—Ha!" he cried, with a look of horror, "where, in the name of Heaven, is the fifth—the youngest, the whitest, the most amiable of all—my Benjamin of mice!"

Neither Laura nor I were in any favourable disposition to be amused. The Count's glib cynicism had revealed a new aspect of his nature from which we both recoiled. But it was impossible to resist the comical distress of so very large a man at the loss of so very small a mouse. We laughed, in spite of ourselves; and when Madame Fosco rose to set the example of leaving the boat-house empty, so that her husband might search it to its remotest corners, we rose also to follow her out.

Before we had taken three steps, the Count's quick eye discovered the lost mouse under the seat that we had been occupying. He pulled aside the bench; took the little animal up in his hand; and then suddenly stopped, on his knees, looking intently at a particular place on the ground just beneath him.

When he rose to his feet again, his hand shook so that he could hardly put the mouse back in the cage, and his face was of a faint livid yellow hue all over.

"Percival!" he said, in a whisper. "Percival! come here."

Sir Percival had paid no attention to any of us, for the last ten minutes. He had been entirely absorbed in writing figures on the sand, and then rubbing them out again, with the point of his stick.

"What's the matter, now?" he asked, lounging carelessly into the boat-house.

"Do you see nothing, there?" said the Count, catching him nervously by the collar with one hand, and pointing with the other to the place near which he had found the mouse.

"I see plenty of dry sand," answered Sir Percival; "and a spot of dirt in the middle of it."

"Not dirt," whispered the Count, fastening the other hand suddenly on Sir Percival's collar, and shaking it in his agitation. "Blood."

Laura was near enough to hear the last word, softly as he whispered it. She turned to me with a look of terror.

"Nonsense, my dear," I said. "There is no need to be alarmed. It is only the blood of a poor little stray dog."

Everybody was astonished, and everybody's eyes were fixed on me inquiringly.

"How do you know that?" asked Sir Percival, speaking first.

"I found the dog here, dying, on the day when you all returned from abroad," I replied. "The poor creature had strayed into the plantation, and had been shot by your keeper."

"Whose dog was it?" inquired Sir Percival. "Not one of mine?"

"Did you try to save the poor thing?" asked Laura, earnestly. "Surely you tried to save it, Marian?"

"Yes," I said; "the housekeeper and I both did our best—but the dog was mortally wounded, and he died under our hands."

"Whose dog was it?" persisted Sir Percival, repeating his question a little irritably. "One of mine?"

"No; not one of yours."

"Whose then? Did the housekeeper know?"

The housekeeper's report of Mrs. Catherick's desire to conceal her visit to Blackwater Park from Sir Percival's knowledge, recurred to my memory the moment he put that last question; and I half doubted the discretion of answering it. But, in my anxiety to quiet the general alarm, I had thoughtlessly advanced too far to draw back, except at the risk of exciting suspicions, which might only make matters worse. There was nothing for it but to answer at once, without reference to results.

"Yes," I said. "The housekeeper knew. She told me it was Mrs. Catherick's dog."

Sir Percival had hitherto remained at the inner end of the boat-house with Count Fosco, while I spoke to him from the door. But the instant Mrs. Catherick's name passed my lips, he pushed by the Count roughly, and placed himself face to face with me, under the open daylight.

"How came the housekeeper to know it was Mrs. Catherick's dog?" he asked, fixing his eyes on mine with a frowning interest and attention, which half angered, half startled me.

"She knew it," I said, quietly, "because Mrs. Catherick brought the dog with her."

"Brought it with her? Where did she bring it with her?"

"To this house."

"What the devil did Mrs. Catherick want at this house?"

The manner in which he put the question was even more offensive than the language in which he expressed it. I marked my sense of his want of common politeness, by silently turning away from him.

Just as I moved, the Count's persuasive hand was laid on his shoulder, and the Count's mellifluous voice interposed to quiet him.

"My dear Percival!—gently—gently."

Sir Percival looked around in his angriest manner. The Count only smiled, and repeated the soothing application.

"Gently, my good friend—gently!"

Sir Percival hesitated—followed me a few steps—and, to my great surprise, offered me an apology.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe," he said. "I have been out of order lately; and I am afraid I am a little irritable. But I should like to know what Mrs. Catherick could possibly want here. When did she come? Was the housekeeper the only person who saw her?"

"The only person," I answered, "so far as I know."

The Count interposed again.

"In that case, why not question the house-

keeper?" he said. "Why not go, Percival, to the fountain-head of information at once?"

"Quite right!" said Sir Percival. "Of course the housekeeper is the first person to question. Excessively stupid of me not to see it myself." With those words, he instantly left us to return to the house.

The motive of the Count's interference, which had puzzled me at first, betrayed itself when Sir Percival's back was turned. He had a host of questions to put to me about Mrs. Catherick, and the cause of her visit to Blackwater Park, which he could scarcely have asked in his friend's presence. I made my answers as short as I civilly could—for I had already determined to check the least approach to any exchanging of confidences between Count Fosco and myself. Laura, however, unconsciously helped him to extract all my information, by making inquiries herself, which left me no alternative but to reply to her, or to appear before them all in the very unenviable and very false character of a depository of Sir Percival's secrets. The end of it was, that, in about ten minutes' time, the Count knew as much as I know of Mrs. Catherick, and of the events which have so strangely connected us with her daughter, Anne, from the time when Hartright met with her, to this day.

The effect of my information on him was, in one respect, curious enough. Intimately as he knows Sir Percival, and closely as he appears to be associated with Sir Percival's private affairs in general, he is certainly as far as I am from knowing anything of the true story of Anne Catherick. The unsolved mystery in connexion with this unhappy woman is now rendered doubly suspicious, in my eyes, by the absolute conviction which I feel, that the clue to it has been hidden by Sir Percival from the most intimate friend he has in the world. It was impossible to mistake the eager curiosity of the Count's look and manner while he drank in greedily every word that fell from my lips. There are many kinds of curiosity, I know—but there is no misinterpreting the curiosity of blank surprise: if I ever saw it in my life, I saw it in the Count's face.

While the questions and answers were going on, we had all been strolling quietly back, through the plantation. As soon as we reached the house, the first object that we saw in front of it was Sir Percival's dog-cart, with the horse put to and the groom waiting by it in his stable-jacket. If these unexpected appearances were to be trusted, the examination of the housekeeper had produced important results already.

"A fine horse, my friend," said the Count, addressing the groom with the most engaging familiarity of manner. "You are going to drive out?"

"I am not going, sir," replied the man, looking at his stable-jacket, and evidently wondering whether the foreign gentleman took it for his livery. "My master drives himself."

"Aha?" said the Count, "does he indeed? I wonder he gives himself the trouble when he has got you to drive for him? Is he going to fatigue that nice, shining, pretty horse by taking him very far, to-day?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the man. "The horse is a mare, if you please, sir. She's the highest-couraged thing we've got in the stables. Her name's Brown Molly, sir; and she'll go till she drops. Sir Percival usually takes Isaac of York for the short distances."

"And your shining courageous Brown Molly for the long?"

"Yes, sir."

"Logical inference, Miss Halcombe," continued the Count, wheeling round briskly, and addressing me: "Sir Percival is going a long distance to-day."

I made no reply. I had my own inferences to draw, from what I knew through the house-keeper and from what I saw before me; and I did not choose to share them with Count Fosco.

When Sir Percival was in Cumberland (I thought to myself), he walked away a long distance, on Anne's account, to question the family at Todd's Corner. Now he is in Hampshire, is he going to drive away a long distance, on Anne's account again, to question Mrs. Catherrick at Welmingham?

We all entered the house. As we crossed the hall, Sir Percival came out from the library to meet us. He looked hurried and pale and anxious—but, for all that, he was in his most polite mood, when he spoke to us.

"I am sorry to say, I am obliged to leave you," he began—"a long drive—a matter that I can't very well put off. I shall be back in good time to-morrow—but, before I go, I should like that little business-formality, which I spoke of this morning, to be settled. Laura, will you come into the library? It won't take a minute—a mere formality. Countess, may I trouble you also? I want you and the Countess, Fosco, to be witnesses to a signature—nothing more. Come in at once, and get it over."

He held the library door open until they had passed in, followed them, and shut it softly.

I remained, for a moment afterwards, standing alone in the hall, with my heart beating fast, and my mind misgiving me sadly. Then, I went on to the staircase, and ascended slowly to my own room.

PHASES OF PAPAL FAITH.

ONE of the most curious facts in the history of the Popes is, that they may readily be divided into series, each marked by characteristics common to all the pontiffs in that set, and differing in a marked manner from those of the preceding and following series. We have hectoring popes, who trample on crowned heads; and meek popes, who deserve in some sort the hypocritical title of "Servus Servorum," affected by all of them. We have ecclesiastical popes, in whom the clerical tendency has overridden the monarchical character; and "royal-minded" popes, in whom considerations of temporal sovereignty have well-nigh obliterated the sacerdotal element. There have been warrior popes, whose efforts have been devoted to the aggrandisement of the dominions of the Church; and family-founding

popes, who have sacrificed all other considerations to the establishment of their name among the great ones of the earth. We have had epicurean popes, and ascetic popes; free-thinking popes, and fanatical popes; profligate popes, and respectable popes; do-nothing popes, and earnest popes—men as various in character as may be found in any other line of potentates or dignitaries. But the remarkable thing is, that we almost always find three or four, or more, of a sort together, a fact that at once suggests the reflection that the popes have, with wonderful accuracy and most plastic adaptability, taken their colour from the possibilities of the times, from the changing position and requirements of the Church, and, above all, from the varying amount of opposition and hostility Church doctrines have been exposed to. Kings, emperors, and other rulers, have at various times had to adapt themselves, more or less, to the necessities imposed on them by the spirit of their age. But they have never done so as completely and remarkably as the popes have. Nor could they do so. For, in hereditary lay governments, the most critical times had to be dealt with, as best they might, by the prince whom the lot of heirship had placed upon the throne. But the popes were selected at elections recurring at short intervals. The popes of the fifteenth century, thirteen in number, reigned, on an average, seven years, eight months, and a few days each. The popes of the sixteenth century, seventeen in number, reigned, on an average, only six years each. Those of the seventeenth century, eleven in number, reigned eight years, eight months and a half, or thereabouts, each. The "Sacred College" of Cardinals, therefore, were never long without an opportunity of choosing such a man as the colour of the time needed or permitted. And, notwithstanding the amount of corrupt influence which was always brought to bear on these elections—so loudly proclaimed to be made by the direct and special inspiration of God—the regularity with which the characteristics of the popes reflect the characteristics of the phases of Church history is very remarkable.

As a general rule, fear has been the motive for amelioration. And in the highest ecclesiastical, as in the humblest secular, matters, the competition of a rival establishment has been the most potent stimulus to improvement.

Improvement? Yes, certainly improvement. For it must be admitted to be an improvement when a man applies his energies to the discharge of the functions entrusted to him, instead of either exerting no energies at all, or applying them to other and incompatible objects. Yet it is necessary to bear in mind the nature of such improvement. It must be remembered that the functions and conditions of the office to be discharged are essentially such, that the more thorough and energetic the discharge of them, the greater is the evil inflicted on the present welfare, and, more still, on the future prospects of mankind, probably even also on the soul and spiritual nature of the man himself elected to

so terrible an office. For if the amiable and cultivated Benedict the Fourteenth, the admirer of Voltaire, lived a long life, sunk his soul in falsehood and hypocrisy, yet, the work he did towards ruining and pulling down the Church system, which he was appointed to uphold, is to this day alive and active; and, his dereliction of all papal duty and character has been, and will be, of profit immeasurable to countless thousands in the discouragement and coming fall of the system he so powerfully helped to destroy. If a Borgia on the papal throne, under the name of Alexander the Sixth, seemed to be placed on that elevation only to show mankind, far and wide, of how great and fearful degradation human nature is capable, it may well be doubted whether that defiled and abased soul had so long and steep a path of rehabilitation before it, as the disembodied spirit of such a man as was Caraffa, Pope Paul the Fourth. And Caraffa was a model pope: one of those pillars of the Church whom churchmen admire, honour, regret, and look back on with humiliation at the thought of the fainting energies and degenerate weakness of less faithful ages. For, Paul the Fourth did the duty of a pope, despite all obstacles and all opposing considerations. "The greater glory of God" seemed to him to be his only object: in other words, the greater glory of the Church. And this was to be secured by forcibly compelling external obedience to Church laws and external compliance with Church forms; by unscrupulously crushing all opposition, and repressing by fire and bloodshed every tentative of the human mind towards direct communication with its Creator, unimpeded by sacerdotal intermediation. The greater power and the more unquestioned supremacy of the caste to which he belonged was, to the mind and conscience of Paul the Fourth, "the greater glory of God." And, in his efforts for the attainment of that end, no human feeling restrained him, no touch of mercy ever arrested on his lips the doom of perdition in this world, and, according to his belief, in the world of eternity. His insatiable lust of power, his indomitable pride, his fierce capacity for hating, his total incapacity for any tender or truly ennobling human emotion, above all, his undoubting spiritual blindness, which so conceived of the divine nature as to imagine that it could be approached by the exercise of such qualities,—all this, which made that terrible old man a model pope, must surely make the upward struggling of such a spirit long and difficult.

Truly a tremendous and fearful seat to fill, that chair of Peter, the conditions of which are such; that it may seem doubtful to a reflecting mind whether the occupant of it who most neglects the duties imposed on him by his office, or he who most zealously discharges them, is more involved in soul-destroying error. A position, the monstrosity of which is the normal and logical product of the assumption of infallibility.

The oscillation of the line of Vicegerents of Heaven on earth, between popes who have

scandalised mankind by their unsacerdotal vices and popes who have scourged and degraded them by their sacerdotal virtues, has been determined, as has been observed, by the external circumstances of the Church. "Church in danger!" has always been the alarm which has aroused Rome from unspiritual to spiritual abominations. It has always been fear which has recalled the Church from epicurean unfaithfulness to the active duties of persecution and self-assertion. The series of utterly worldly and irreligious popes who sat in the chair of Peter during the first part of the sixteenth century, and of whom several were men who disgraced human nature itself, came to a close about the middle of the century. Paul the Third, a scion of the princely house of Farnese, may be considered the last of that set of unecclesiastical popes. His successor, Julius the Third, marked the turning-point of the oscillation by a short reign of decent do-nothing respectability. Then came the truly pious Cervini,—Marcellus the Second—who, had he lived to occupy the papal throne for a prolonged reign, would, in all probability, have brought down the whole of the fabric in ruin; for he talked of reform, and meant it. But he died on the twenty-second day of his papacy. The Reformation, the secular interests of princes, that led to the calling of the Council of Trent, which lasted from 1545 to 1563, and the spread of heresy, made another class of man necessary to the Church as its head. And another class of man was forthcoming. The Sacred College of Cardinals put the right man into the right place by the election of the Cardinal Giovanni Pietro Caraffa to be pope, under the memorable name of Paul the Fourth. This man also—chosen by the Church in the greatness of its need, to stem the advancing tide of heterodoxy and schism—talked loudly and earnestly of reform. But he understood the phrase in a very different sense from that of his predecessor and the other enlightened men, who urged the necessity of bringing the Church system somewhat more into accordance with the advanced enlightenment and morality of the age. Reform with him meant going backward, instead of going forward; and sword and fagot were the means by which his reformation was to be worked out. "Paul the Fourth," says the historian Ranke, "had already attained the age of seventy-nine, but his deep-set eyes still gleamed with all the fire of youth. He was extremely tall and thin; he walked quickly, and appeared to be all sinew. His daily life was subject to no order; he often slept by day, and passed the night in study; and woe to the servant who entered his room until he rang his bell. In everything he followed the impulses of the moment; but these impulses sprang from a character formed by a long life and become a second nature. He seemed conscious of no other duty, no other business, than the restoration of the ancient faith in all its primitive might and authority." One of the Venetian ambassadors to the Court of Rome, in making a report to the senate on his return from his embassy in 1560,

says of Paul, that "he was elected Pope contrary to the general expectation and opinion, and perhaps even contrary to his own. For his Holiness told me, a little before he died, that he had never done anything to conciliate the goodwill of any man, and had never sought the favour of any one of the cardinals, but rather the reverse; 'so that,' said he, 'I know not how they came to elect me pope; and I conclude that the election of popes is the work of God himself.'" Another of these Venetian ambassadors, whose reports to the Venetian senate are among the most important and instructive documents for the right understanding of the history of that time, tells us of Paul the Fourth, that "his habit is to eat always twice a day. He chooses to be served very luxuriously; and in the early days of his reign twenty-five dishes did not suffice him. He drinks more than he eats. The wine he uses is strong and generous, very dark in colour, and so thick that one might almost cut it. It is called 'mangiaguerra,' and is grown in the kingdom of Naples. After his meal he always drinks malvoisie, which his courtiers call 'washing his teeth.'" He would sit for hours, we are told in another place, over this coarse, heady drink of his own country (the Caraffas were a Neapolitan family), and brood over his schemes for the extirpation of heresy and the restoration of Church power, and his plans for the humbling of the Spanish domination. For, the ascendancy of Spain, and the determination of that "Most Catholic," but exceedingly shrewd and very despotic monarch, Charles the Fifth, to admit of no power superior to or equal with his own in his own dominions, were the chief obstacles in the way of Paul's designs. Infinite, accordingly, was his hatred of Charles, and of everything Spanish. "Never did he speak," says the above-quoted Venetian ambassador, "of his Majesty the Emperor and the Spanish nation, without calling them heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, the spawn of Jews and Moors, and the scum of the world, deploring the ill-fate of Italy, that she should be subjected to so abject and vile a race." In the hours that he would sit over his turbid Neapolitan wine—as much as three hours, sometimes, the Venetian ambassador declares, from the time he sat down to table to his rising—his impetuosity led him to speak freely and without concealment of important state matters. "The time had come when the emperor should receive the chastisement due to his sins, and Italy and the Church should be delivered from bondage." "He," the Pope, "would inflict it. He would deliver Italy. If people would not listen to him, if they would not assist him, at least posterity would be forced to confess that an old Italian on the brink of the grave, who should rather have sought rest and preparation for death, had conceived these lofty designs." The "lofty designs" were schemes wholly mundane and political for the abasement of Spanish ascendancy in Italy, which were to be accomplished by the

aid of France. And the manner in which these worldly state interests gradually usurped the place of more legitimate ecclesiastical aims even in the mind of so zealous, austere, and earnest a churchman as Paul the Fourth, affords a curious proof of the inevitable tendency of the ideas and objects belonging to the temporal prince to override those more fitly the care of the universal bishop.

During the papacy of this fervent believer in the efficacy of the headman, the rack, and the stake, for the attainment of "the greater glory of God," his intentions and plans for the purification of Italy from heresy were most zealously carried out by an inquisitor after his own heart, whose name became a word of terror throughout the peninsula. From the Alps to the Sicilian sea, men looked cautiously around them, and women crossed themselves at the name of Fra Michele. This friar Michael Ghislieri was born of peasant parents near Alessandria, in the year 1504, and entered a Dominican convent at a very early age. His intense austerity soon marked him out for the notice of his superiors. He, too, was such a man as the Church then needed. He was very soon made inquisitor; and Paul the Fourth, seeing that this Michele was just the man he wanted, made him a bishop, and then very shortly raised him to the cardinalate. He was a more single-minded and one-idea'd man than even his patron and master, Paul. The Caraffa Pope had notions, such as they were, of European politics, and sought to shape them to the ends he had in view for the advantage of the Church. Ghislieri knew nothing but what his convent life had taught him, cared for nothing but "the purity of the faith," and had no other conception of securing this, than the persecution of every slightest taint of heresy to the death. This man became pope as Pius the Fifth—not immediately on the death of Paul the Fourth—but at the death of Paul's successor, Pius the Fourth: a moderate and weak man, who had tried to keep things quiet; but was found by no means the sort of person required to pilot the bark of Peter in the stormy seas she was then navigating. Fra Michele was made pope in 1566; and then was seen what might have been expected from a monk and an inquisitor invested with supreme power. He instantly began to issue bulls and ordinances of such severity that those about him "were continually obliged to repeat to him that he had to deal with men and not with angels." As a sample of the sort of means he planned for securing universal orthodoxy, we may take a bull he issued, forbidding any physician who might be called to a patient's bedside, to visit him for more than three days, unless he received an attestation that the sick man had made fresh confession of his sins. For desecration of the Sabbath, an offender should, for the first offence, stand the whole of one day before the church door with his hands tied behind his back; for the second, be flogged through the town; for the third, his tongue pierced, and be sent to the galleys. For blasphemy

* Ranke, vol. i. book iii.

the same penalties were decreed. In probing and searching after heresy, Michele was not content with inquiring into backslidings of recent date, but insisted on making inquisition into those of ten or twenty years' standing. "If," says Ranke, on the authority of the report of a Venetian ambassador, "any place was distinguished for the small number of its convictions, he thought it needed purging; he attributed its exemption from punishments to the negligence of the authorities. . . . It was remarked that he never commuted a sentence for a more lenient one; on the contrary, he generally wished them more severe."

Such was the man who now ruled where, within the memory of middle-aged men, the jovial, pagan-minded voluptuary, Leo the Tenth, had so recently talked elegant Platonism with free-thinking philosophers, laughed loud and long with scoffing buffoons, and patronised bishops who abstained from reading the "twaddle" of St. Paul for fear of injuring the purity of their Ciceronian style! But the Church was not then in danger—or rather had not yet been discovered to be so.

CAB!

FROM my earliest youth I was taught to regard cabmen as birds of prey. I was led to consider that their hands were against every man, and every man's hand ought to be against them in self-defence. I was forbidden to attribute their husky voices to anything but unlimited indulgence in common spirituous liquors. The red noses that I saw peeping from under broad-brimmed hats, and over bee-hive-looking capped great coats, were never said in my hearing to arise from exposure to the weather. When I was sent on a solitary journey—perhaps to school—in a four-wheeled hackney-coach or cab, I always heard a stern voice bargaining with the driver before I was placed inside; and I looked upon him, through the small window in front, during the short intervals when I was not being jerked from corner to corner of the far too spacious vehicle, as a dangerous ogre who might leap down and devour me at any moment.

When I grew up to attain the gay, thoughtless position of a young man about town, I lost my fear of the wild cab-driver, and found no amusement so agreeable as that of playing upon his weaknesses. My favourite plan at night was to affect the appearance of the most idiotic intoxication, and, when I had drawn half a dozen eager charioteers around me, to select one, in such a manner that he might suppose he had got a helpless productive fare. On arriving at my destination, of course I left the vehicle with the steadiest of steps and the soberest of aspects, to present him with his exact charge, as regulated by Act of Parliament.

In due time I became a married man; and discarded for ever these youthful freaks of fancy. My early teaching with regard to the utter badness of all cabmen had not disappeared, and I

still treated them with moderate severity. I never pampered them with bonuses over their legal fares; and I learned every distance as if I had been an Ordnance Surveyor. I still looked upon them as untamed, devouring creatures, who hung upon the skirts of society, and I was prepared to impress this view upon my children, as my guardians had impressed it upon me. Before, however, I had an opportunity of doing this, my sentiments underwent a marked change.

My wife, accompanied by a servant, and our first-born, an infant, aged three months, had started, one November afternoon, to visit a relative at the other side of London. The day was misty, but when the evening came, the whole town was filled with a dense fog, as thick as soup. I gave them up at an early hour, never supposing that they would attempt to break through the black smoky barrier, and accomplish a journey of nearly nine miles. In this I was mistaken, for towards eleven o'clock the door-bell rang, and they presented themselves muffled up like stage-coachmen. The account I received was, that a four-wheeled cab had been found, that they had been three hours and a half upon the road, that the cabman had walked nearly the whole way with a lamp at the head of his horse, and that he was now outside awaiting payment.

I felt a powerful struggle going on within me. The legislature had fixed the price of cab-work at two shillings an hour, or sixpence a mile, but it had said nothing about snowstorms, fluctuations in the price of provender, or November fogs. There was no contract between my wife and the cabman, and she had not engaged him by the hour, so that, protected by the Act of Parliament, I might have sent out four-and-sixpence for the nine miles' ride by the servant, and have closed the door securely against the driver. Actuated, perhaps, as much by curiosity, as a sense of justice, I did not do this, but ordered the man in, and gave him the dangerous permission to name his own price. He was a middle-aged driver, with a sharp nose, and when he entered the room, he placed his hat upon the floor, and seemed a little bewildered by the novelty of his situation.

"If I am to, I am," he said, "but I'd much rather leave it to you, sir."

"This is a journey," I replied, "hardly within the meaning of the act, and whatever you charge, I will cheerfully pay."

"Well," he said, with much deliberation, "I don't think five shillin's ought to hurt you?"

"I don't think it ought," I returned, astonished at this moderate demand,* "nor yet seven-and-sixpence, or eight shillings. You can't be a regular cabman?"

My visitor pulled his badge from under his great-coat at this remark, not quite understanding the drift of it.

"I mean," I said, explaining the remark, "that you've not driven a cab long."

* This is a fact within the experience of the writer.

"Only thirty years, that's all."
 "You must know something of the business, then?"

"Had ought to, by this time," he replied.

"Take a glass of something warm," I said, "and tell me all about it."

My visitor was very willing to accept my invitation, and I soon saw him seated comfortably before me.

"Cabmen," he began, "are neither worse than anybody else, nor yet better. There's good and bad amongst 'em, like in a basket of eggs; and there must be nearly eleven thousand of them, according to the badges issued. The first thing cabmen have got to do is to find a cab, and here they've got a pick of about ten thousand. P'raps three thousand of these cabs are 'Hansoms,' and all the rest four-wheelers; but as some of the men work at night, and others in the day, all the cabs are not on the road, and only six thousand, perhaps, are paying duty as licensed carriages. Some of these have got what we call the six-day plate—and they only run for six days. Others have got the seven-day plate, and they're Sunday cabs. The plate costs a sovereign, which we call the 'one pound racket,' and the duty is a shilling a day extra. We used to pay five pound for the plate, and two pound duty, in one lump. All this money goes to government. Well, as I said before, the first thing cabmen have got to do is to find a cab, and they haven't got to look amongst many proprietors. All the cabs are in very few hands—I needn't mention names—and the owners do pretty well what they like with the drivers. Of course a man needn't drive a cab unless he likes, but lots of them do like, and something must be done to get a living. The young fellows take a great fancy to the 'Hansoms,' because they look smart, and run easy. Their high wheels push 'em on, while the low four-wheeler always drags. As to their earnings, that depends. A Hansom is very good in fine weather; and during April, May, and June, before the people begin to go out of town, they do very well at road-work. They're of no use for families and heavy railway work, and the regular Hansom cabman hardly understands ladies and children. They make money at what we call 'mouching' and 'putting on,' which means loitering along the roads, and playing about a club-house, or some large building. Some of the police are very sharp upon this game, and the driver gets summoned before he knows where he is. The driver of a Hansom has to earn fourteen or sixteen shillings a day in summer for his owner, besides paying his 'yard-money'" (stable charges), "about four shillings, before he begins to pick up anything for himself.

"A four-wheeler is let to a driver for about twelve shillings a-day, and he has to pay all expenses. The best work these get is at theatres and railways, and they go on for the day at nine in the morning to run till eleven at night, being allowed two horses. Their best day is one with a fine morning and a wet afternoon. The people come out and are caught. If the day begins

wet, it's bad for the cabs. The night cabs go on at seven or eight at night, working till seven or eight in the morning, and they're allowed only one horse—or what the owner makes do for one. Of course its often only a bellows on four legs, and those not very substantial. The owner seldom makes any allowance for the difference in horses—you take 'em as they come; and he knows pretty well how much work can be got out of them.

"When we go to the yard to begin work in the morning, we deposit our licenses as security for the cabs and horses. Some of the men who're very anxious to start as drivers, or who want work, are compelled to sign contracts, and when they do this, they bind themselves to pay all damages that may be done to their horses or cabs. They either pay these by instalments, or thirty or forty men in a yard will make a fund amongst themselves for accidents, which they call 'box-money.'

"We drive out, and choose our stand from fancy, providing it's not full. A stand mustn't have more than twenty cabs on it at one time, and it's watched over by a police waterman, who gets fifteen shillings a week and his clothes. If a cabman takes a place on a stand after it's full, we say he's 'fouled' it, and he's liable to be summoned. The worst court they can take him to is Bow-street. If a month's imprisonment can be given, he gets it there, or he has to pay a heavier fine."

"He can always avoid this," I said, observing that my visitor had come to a pause, "if he conducts himself properly."

"So he can," returned my visitor, "but the public often appears at the same place. If a cabman sometimes overcharges a passenger, a passenger quite as often underpays a cabman. We've started protection clubs amongst us, with measuring wheels, and we sometimes make the secretaries measure and sue for the balance of fares. We find ladies the worst passengers. They're timid and obstinate, and run into houses, and send out servants. When the passenger is summoned he is said to have made a mistake; but the cabman is always pulled up for fraud. He earns his pound or five-and-twenty shillings every week, and is quite as likely to be as respectable and honest as any other workman who gets the same money. He's all right enough, if people wouldn't regulate him so much. There's the street police regulating him; the police watermen regulating him; and the government regulating him by saying what price he's to charge for his work. This sets everybody a thinking he must be awful bad, and a benevolent society of gentlemen has just started up, who want to regulate him still more by giving him what they call 'Cabmen's Clubs.' There's one club at Paddington, one at Millbank, another at Newington Butts, and another at King's Cross. They talk of others at Chelsea and White-chapel. The one I've been to most is at King's Cross, and I don't like it, because it's too far away from my stand. They've taken an old public-house in a back street, and they've scooped

It out until hardly anything else is left but the pillars that hold up the roof. A lot of forms are placed along the bare floor, making the place look like a school; and the library seems to me to have very few what I call amusing books. I didn't like to see handbills lying about, at the top of which was printed 'The Cabman's Dying Cry;' and the whole place seemed to be cold and uncomfortable. The rules may be very good, and the people that started these 'clubs' may be very good, but it strikes me they don't quite understand cabmen. We've got a deal to put up with, and try our tempers. The owners pull at us on one side, and the public's always shaking the Act of Parliament at us on the other. Sometimes we're dragged off the very front of the stand—a place that's worth money—and all for what? Sixpence! Some one wants to go round the muddy corner in thin boots, and so off we come, according to regulations. If we try to do the best we can for ourselves, and look out for a long fare with two extra passengers, people shout after us as if we'd picked somebody's pocket."

"If you accept a cab," I interrupted, "you accept it with all its rules and conditions."

"So we do," returned my visitor; "and pretty close we keep to 'em. Take us all together, the bad and the good, we don't often kick over the traces. Because we've got to loiter about for hours near our stand, in all weathers, we're none the worse for smoking a pipe, drinking a pint of beer, and sometimes slinking in to warm our hands at a tap-room fire. The gentlemen who start these 'cabmen's clubs' think we are, but while they try to improve us, they never interfere with the tradesmen in the public-house parlour. The 'clubs' provide us with tea, coffee, chops, and steaks at the usual charges, but beer is not openly allowed on the premises. This may be all very well for men who're not at work, but, unless there was one 'club' close upon every stand, it can't be used by the cabmen on duty. Besides—a man wants beer, and it's wronging him, in my opinion, to say he don't. We go to the public-house, or coffee-house, if one happens to be near, for cabmen are quite as fond of coffee as decent mechanics. We use a good many comfortable coffee-shops that are like clubs, in different parts of London, and one especially, near Regent-street, filled with all kinds of books and papers. The books and papers at the 'cabmen's clubs' are not admitted until they've passed the committee, because the whole thing is supported by charity. This is another reason why I don't like it, although they tell me that seven hundred men have become members at the different stations. The 'penny bank' and the 'sick fund' may be all very well, because the member pays for all he gets, but the 'free tea' provided every Sunday afternoon always sticks in my throat. While I'm able to do my work and pay my way, I don't want anything given to me. I ain't a child. If the seven hundred members are not able to do this, they'd better say so, and either throw up driving, or get the sixpence a mile altered to eightpence."

At the close of this speech, as the hour was getting late, my visitor took his departure, having succeeded in making me take a more charitable view of the business and trials of cab-driving.

A NOTE.

IN the paper called *INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS*, a reference will be found (No. 41 of this Journal, page 356) to LORD BROUGHAM, as having been one of the opponents of lighting streets by gas. The statement requires qualification. Lord Brougham was counsel in an action brought against Winsor's gas company, and strongly objected to certain proceedings of that body and their originator. But, it should be understood that he never set himself in any other way than through this limited exercise of an advocate's functions, against the idea. This explanation is simply due to the illustrious name of BROUGHAM, and to its natural position in the history of Progress.

LONELY.

SITTING lonely, ever lonely,
Waiting, waiting for one only,
Thus I count the weary moments passing by;
And the heavy evening gloom
Gathers slowly in the room,
And the chill November darkness dims the sky.
Now the countless busy feet
Cross each other in the street,
And I watch the faces flitting past my door;
But the step that lingered nightly,
And the hand that rapp'd so lightly,
And the face that beam'd so brightly,
Come no more.
By the firelight's fitful gleaming
I am dreaming, ever dreaming,
And the rain is slowly falling all around;
And voices that are nearest,
Of friends the best and dearest,
Appear to have a strange and distant sound
Now the weary wind is sighing,
And the murky day is dying,
And the wither'd leaves lie scatter'd round my door;
But that voice whose gentle greeting
Set this heart so wildly beating
At each fond and frequent meeting,
Comes no more.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

As I shut the door of my lodging behind me, and came out into the streets at six on a drizzling Saturday evening in the last past month of January, all that neighbourhood of Covent-garden looked very desolate. It is so essentially a neighbourhood which has seen better days, that bad weather affects it sooner than another place which has not come down in the world. In its present reduced condition, it bears a thaw almost worse than any place I know. It gets so dreadfully low-spirited, when damp breaks forth. Those wonderful houses about Drury-lane Theatre, which in the palmy days of theatres were prosperous and long-settled places of

business, and which now change hands every week, but never change their character of being divided and subdivided on the ground floor into mouldy dens of shops where an orange and half a dozen nuts, or a pomatum-pot, one cake of fancy soap, and a cigar-box, are offered for sale and never sold, were most ruefully contemplated that evening, by the statue of Shakespeare, with the rain-drops coursing one another down its innocent nose. Those inscrutable pigeon-hole offices, with nothing in them (not so much as an ink-stand) but a model of a theatre before the curtain, where, in the Italian Opera season, tickets at reduced prices are kept on sale by nomadic gentlemen in smeary hats too tall for them, whom one occasionally seems to have seen on race-courses, not wholly unconnected with strips of cloth of various colours and a rolling ball—those Bedouin establishments, deserted by the tribe, and tenantless except when sheltering in one corner an irregular row of ginger-beer-bottles which would have made one shudder on such a night, but for its being plain that they had nothing in them, shrunk from the shrill cries of the newsboys down at their Exchange in the kennel of Catherine-street, like guilty things upon a fearful summons. At the pipe-shop in Great Russell-street, the Death's-head pipes were like a theatrical memento mori, admonishing beholders of the decline of the playhouse as an Institution. I walked up Bow-street, disposed to be angry with the shops there, that were letting out theatrical secrets by exhibiting to work-a-day humanity, the stuff of which diadems and robes of kings are made. I noticed that some shops which had once been in the dramatic line, and had straggled out of it, were not getting on prosperously—like some actors I have known, who took to business and failed to make it answer. In a word, those streets looked so dull, and, considered as theatrical streets, so broken and bankrupt, that the FOUND DEAD on the black board at the police station might have announced the decease of the Drama, and the pools of water outside the fire-engine maker's at the corner of Long-acre might have been occasioned by his having brought out the whole of his stock to play upon its last smouldering ashes.

And yet, on such a night in so degenerate a time, the object of my journey was theatrical. And yet within half an hour I was in an immense theatre, capable of holding nearly five thousand people.

What Theatre? Her Majesty's? Far better. Royal Italian Opera? Far better. Infinitely superior to the latter for hearing in; infinitely superior to both, for seeing in. To every part of this Theatre spacious fireproof ways of ingress and egress. For every part of it, convenient places of refreshment and retiring rooms. Everything to eat and drink carefully supervised as to quality, and sold at an appointed price; respectable female attendants ready for the commonest women in the audience; a general air of consideration, decorum, and supervision, most commendable; an unquestionably humanising

influence in all the social arrangements of the place.

Surely a dear Theatre, then? Because there were in London (not very long ago) Theatres with entrance-prices up to half a guinea a head, whose arrangements were not half so civilised. Surely, therefore, a dear Theatre? Not very dear. A gallery at threepence, another gallery at fourpence, a pit at sixpence, boxes and pit-stalls at a shilling, and six private boxes at half-a-crown.

My uncommercial curiosity induced me to go into every nook of this great place, and among every class of the audience assembled in it—amounting that evening, as I calculated, to about two thousand and odd hundreds. Magnificently lighted by a firmament of sparkling chandeliers, the building was ventilated to perfection. My sense of smell, without being particularly delicate, has been so offended in some of the commoner places of public resort, that I have often been obliged to leave them when I have made an uncommercial journey expressly to look on. The air of this Theatre was fresh, cool, and wholesome. To help towards this end, very sensible precautions had been used, ingeniously combining the experience of hospitals and railway stations. Asphaltic pavements substituted for wooden floors, honest bare walls of glazed brick and tile—even at the back of the boxes—for plaster and paper, no benches stuffed, and no carpeting or baize used: a cool material with a light glazed surface, being the covering of the seats.

These various contrivances are as well considered in the place in question as if it were a Fever Hospital; the result is, that it is sweet and healthful. It has been constructed from the ground to the roof, with a careful reference to sight and sound in every corner; the result is, that its form is beautiful, and that the appearance of the audience, as seen from the proscenium—with every face in it commanding the stage, and the whole so admirably raked and turned to that centre, that a hand can scarcely move in the great assemblage without the movement being seen from thence—is highly remarkable in its union of vastness with compactness. The stage itself, and all its appurtenances of machinery, cellarage, height, and breadth, are on a scale more like the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlo at Naples, or the Grand Opera at Paris, than any notion a stranger would be likely to form of the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton, a mile north of Saint Luke's Hospital in the Old-street-road, London. The Forty Thieves might be played here, and every thief ride his real horse, and the disguised captain bring in his oil jars on a train of real camels, and nobody be put out of the way. This really extraordinary place is the achievement of one man's enterprise, and was erected on the ruins of an inconvenient old building, in less than five months, at a round cost of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. To dismiss this part of my subject, and still to render to the proprietor the credit that is strictly his due, I must add that

his sense of the responsibility upon him to make the best of his audience, and to do his best for them, is a highly agreeable sign of these times.

As the spectators at this theatre, for a reason I will presently show, were the object of my journey, I entered on the play of the night as one of the two thousand and odd hundreds, by looking about me at my neighbours. We were a motley assemblage of people, and we had a good many boys and young men among us; we had also many girls and young women. To represent, however, that we did not include a very great number, and a very fair proportion, of family groups, would be to make a gross misstatement. Such groups were to be seen in all parts of the house; in the boxes and stalls particularly, they were composed of persons of very decent appearance, who had many children with them. Among our dresses there were most kinds of shabby and greasy wear, and much fustian and corduroy that was neither sound nor fragrant. The caps of our young men were mostly of a limp character, and we who wore them, slouched, high-shouldered, into our places with our hands in our pockets, and occasionally twisted our cravats about our necks like eels, and occasionally tied them down our breasts like links of sausages, and occasionally had a screw in our hair over each cheek-bone with a slight Thief-flavour in it. Besides prowlers and idlers, we were mechanics, dock-labourers, costermongers, petty tradesmen, small clerks, milliners, stay-makers, shoe-binders, slop workers, poor workers in a hundred highways and bye-ways. Many of us—on the whole, the majority—were not at all clean, and not at all choice in our lives or conversation. But we had all come together in a place where our convenience was well consulted, and where we were well looked after, to enjoy an evening's entertainment in common. We were not going to lose any part of what we had paid for, through anybody's caprice, and as a community we had a character to lose. So we were closely attentive, and kept excellent order, and let the man or boy who did otherwise instantly get out from this place, or we would put him out with the greatest expedition.

We began at half-past six with a pantomime—with a pantomime so long, that before it was over I felt as if I had been travelling for six weeks—going to India, say, by the Overland Mail. The Spirit of Liberty was the principal personage in the Introduction, and the Four Quarters of the World came out of the globe, glittering, and discoursed with the Spirit, who sang charmingly. We were delighted to understand that there was no Liberty anywhere but among ourselves, and we highly applauded the agreeable fact. In an allegorical way, which did as well as any other way, we and the Spirit of Liberty got into a kingdom of Needles and Pins, and found them at war with a potentate who called in to his aid their old arch-enemy Rust, and who would have got the better of them if the Spirit of Liberty had not in the nick

of time transformed the leaders into Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, Columbine, Harlequina, and a whole family of Sprites, consisting of a remarkably stout father and three spineless sons. We all knew what was coming, when the Spirit of Liberty addressed the king with the big face, and His Majesty backed to the side-scenes and began untying himself behind, with his big face all on one side. Our excitement at that crisis was great, and our delight unbounded. After this era in our existence, we went through all the incidents of a pantomime; it was not by any means a savage pantomime in the way of burning or boiling people, or throwing them out of window, or cutting them up; was often very droll, was always liberally got up, and cleverly presented. I noticed that the people who kept the shops, and who represented the passengers in the thoroughfares and so forth, had no conventionality in them, but were unusually like the real thing—from which I infer that you may take that audience in (if you wish to) concerning Knights and Ladies, Fairies, Angels, or such like, but that they are not to be done as to anything in the streets. I noticed, also, that when two young men, dressed in exact imitation of the eel-and-sausage-cravated portion of the audience, were chased by policemen, and, finding themselves in danger of being caught, dropped so suddenly as to oblige the policemen to tumble over them, there was great rejoicing among the caps—as though it were a delicate reference to something they had heard of before.

The Pantomime was succeeded by a Melo-Drama. Throughout the evening, I was pleased to observe Virtue quite as triumphant as she usually is out of doors, and indeed I thought rather more so. We all agreed (for the time) that honesty was the best policy, and we were as hard as iron upon Vice, and we wouldn't hear of Villany getting on in the world—no, not upon any consideration whatever.

Between the pieces, we almost all of us went out and refreshed. Many of us went the length of drinking beer at the bar of the neighbouring public-house, some of us drank spirits, crowds of us had sandwiches and ginger-beer at the refreshment-bars established for us in the Theatre. The sandwich—as substantial as was consistent with portability, and as cheap as possible—we hailed as one of our greatest institutions. It forced its way among us at all stages of the entertainment, and we were always delighted to see it; its adaptability to the varying moods of our nature was surprising; we could never weep so comfortably as when our tears fell on our sandwich; we could never laugh so heartily as when we choked with sandwich; Virtue never looked so beautiful or Vice so deformed as when we paused, sandwich in hand, to consider what would come of that resolution of Wickedness in boots, to sever Innocence in flowered chintz from Honest Industry in striped stockings. When the curtain fell for the night, we still fell back upon sandwich, to help us through the rain and mire, and home to bed.

This, as I have mentioned, was Saturday night. Being Saturday night, I had accomplished but the half of my uncommercial journey; for, its object was to compare the play on Saturday evening, with the preaching in the same Theatre on Sunday evening.

Therefore, at the same hour of half-past six on the similarly damp and muddy Sunday evening, I returned to this Theatre. I drove up to the entrance (fearful of being late, or I should have come on foot), and found myself in a large crowd of people who, I am happy to state, were put into excellent spirits by my arrival. Having nothing to look at but the mud and the closed doors, they looked at me, and highly enjoyed the comic spectacle. My modesty inducing me to draw off, some hundreds of yards, into a dark corner, they at once forgot me, and applied themselves to their former occupation of looking at the mud and looking in at the closed doors: which, being of grated iron-work, allowed the lighted passage within to be seen. They were chiefly people of respectable appearance, odd and impulsive as most crowds are, and making a joke of being there as most crowds do.

In the dark corner I might have sat a long while, but that a very obliging passer-by informed me that the Theatre was already full, and that the people whom I saw in the street were all shut out for want of room. After that, I lost no time in worming myself into the building, and creeping to a place in a Proscenium box that had been kept for me.

There must have been full four thousand people present. Carefully estimating the pit alone, I could bring it out as holding little less than fourteen hundred. Every part of the house was well filled, and I had not found it easy to make my way along the back of the boxes to where I sat. The chandeliers in the ceiling were lighted; there was no light on the stage; the orchestra was empty. The green curtain was down, and packed pretty closely on chairs on the small space of stage before it were some thirty gentlemen, and two or three ladies. In the centre of these, in a desk or pulpit covered with red baize, was the presiding minister. The kind of rostrum he occupied, will be very well understood, if I liken it to a boarded-up fireplace turned towards the audience, with a gentleman in a black surtout standing in the stove and leaning forward over the mantelpiece.

A portion of Scripture was being read when I went in. It was followed by a discourse, to which the congregation listened with most exemplary attention and uninterrupted silence and decorum. My own attention comprehended both the auditory and the speaker, and shall turn to both in this recalling of the scene, exactly as it did at the time.

"A very difficult thing," I thought, when the discourse began, "to speak appropriately to so large an audience, and to speak with tact. Without it, better not to speak at all. Infinitely better, to read the New Testament well, and to let *that* speak. In this congregation there is indubitably one pulse; but I doubt if any power

short of genius can touch it as one, and make it answer as one."

I could not possibly say to myself as the discourse proceeded, that the minister was a good speaker. I could not possibly say to myself that he expressed an understanding of the general mind and character of his audience. There was a supposititious working-man introduced into the homily to make supposititious objections to our Christian religion and be reasoned down, who was not only a very disagreeable person, but remarkably unlike life—very much more unlike it than anything I had seen in the pantomime. The native independence of character this artisan was supposed to possess, was represented by a suggestion of a dialect that I certainly never heard in my uncommercial travels, and with a coarse swing of voice and manner anything but agreeable to his feelings I should conceive, considered in the light of a portrait, and as far away from the fact as a Chinese Tartar. There was a model pauper introduced in like manner, who appeared to me to be the most intolerably arrogant pauper ever relieved, and to show himself in absolute want and dire necessity of a course of Stone Yard. For, how did this pauper testify to his having received the gospel of humility? A gentleman met him in the workhouse, and said (which I myself really thought good-natured of him), "Ah, John? I am sorry to see you here. I am sorry to see you so poor." "Poor, sir!" replied that man, drawing himself up, "I am the son of a Prince! *My* father is the King of Kings. *My* father is the Lord of Lords. *My* father is the ruler of all the Princes of the Earth!" &c. And this was what all the preacher's fellow-sinners might come to, if they would embrace this blessed book—which I must say it did some violence to my own feelings of reverence, to see held out at arm's length at frequent intervals and soundingly slapped, like a slow lot at a sale. Now, could I help asking myself the question, whether the mechanic before me who must detect the preacher as being wrong about the visible manner of himself and the like of himself, and about such a noisy lip-server as that pauper, might not, most unhappily for the usefulness of the occasion, doubt that preacher's being right about things not visible to human senses?

Again. Is it necessary or advisable to address such an audience continually, as "fellow-sinners"? Is it not enough to be fellow-creatures, born yesterday, suffering and striving to-day, dying to-morrow? By our common humanity, my brothers and sisters, by our common capacities for pain and pleasure, by our common laughter and our common tears, by our common aspiration to reach something better than ourselves, by our common tendency to believe in something good, and to invest whatever we love or whatever we lose with some qualities that are superior to our own failings and weaknesses as we know them in our own poor hearts—by these. Hear me!—Surely, it is enough to be fellow-creatures. Surely, it includes the other designation and some touching meanings over and above.

Again. There was a personage introduced into the discourse (not an absolute novelty, to the best of my remembrance of my reading), who had been personally known to the preacher, and had been quite a Crichton in all the ways of philosophy, but had been an infidel. Many a time had the preacher talked with him on that subject, and many a time had he failed to convince that intelligent man. But he fell ill, and died, and before he died he recorded his conversion—in words which the preacher had taken down, my fellow-sinners, and would read to you from this piece of paper. I must confess that to me, as one of an uninstructed audience, they did not appear particularly edifying. I thought their tone extremely selfish, and I thought they had a spiritual vanity in them which was of the before-mentioned refractory pauper's family.

All slangs and twangs are objectionable everywhere, but the slang and twang of the convention—as bad in its way as that of the House of Commons, and nothing worse can be said of it—should be studiously avoided under such circumstances as I describe. The avoidance was not complete on this occasion. Nor was it quite agreeable to see the preacher addressing his pet “points” to his backers on the stage, as if appealing to those disciples to shore him up, and testify to the multitude that each of those points was a clincher.

But, in respect of the large Christianity of his general tone; of his renunciation of all priestly authority; of his earnest and reiterated assurance to the people that the commonest among them could work out their own salvation if they would, by simply, lovingly, and dutifully following Our Saviour, and that they needed the mediation of no erring man; in these particulars, this gentleman deserved all praise. Nothing could be better than the spirit, or the plain emphatic words of his discourse in these respects. And it was a most significant and encouraging circumstance that whenever he struck that chord, or whenever he described anything which Christ himself had done, the array of faces before him was very much more earnest, and very much more expressive of emotion, than at any other time.

And now, I am brought to the fact, that the lowest part of the audience of the previous night, *was not there*. There is no doubt about it. There was no such thing in that building, that Sunday evening. I have been told since, that the lowest part of the audience of the Victoria Theatre has been attracted to its Sunday services. I have been very glad to hear it; but on this occasion of which I write, the lowest part of the usual audience of the Britannia Theatre, decidedly and unquestionably stayed away. When I first took my seat and looked at the house, my surprise at the change in its occupants was as great as my disappointment. To the most respectable class of the previous evening, was added a great number of respectable strangers attracted by curiosity, and drafts from the regular congregations of various chapels. It was impossible to fail in identifying

the character of these last, and they were very numerous. I came out in a strong, slow tide of them setting from the boxes. Indeed, while the discourse was in progress, the respectable character of the auditory was so manifest in their appearance, that when the minister addressed a supposititious “outcast,” one really felt a little impatient of it, as a figure of speech not justified by anything the eye could discover.

The time appointed for the conclusion of the proceedings was eight o'clock. The address having lasted until full that time, and it being the custom to conclude with a hymn, the preacher intimated in a few sensible words that the clock had struck the hour, and that those who desired to go before the hymn was sung, could go now, without giving offence. No one stirred. The hymn was then sung, in good time and tune and unison, and its effect was very striking. A comprehensive benevolent prayer dismissed the throng, and in seven or eight minutes there was nothing left in the Theatre but a light cloud of dust.

That these Sunday meetings in Theatres are good things, I do not doubt. Nor do I doubt that they will work lower and lower down in the social scale, if those who preside over them will be very careful on two heads: firstly, not to disparage the places in which they speak, or the intelligence of their hearers; secondly, not to set themselves in antagonism to the natural in-born desire of the mass of mankind to recreate themselves and to be amused.

There is a third head, taking precedence of all others, to which my remarks on the discourse I heard, have tended. In the New Testament there is the most beautiful and affecting history conceivable by man, and there are the terse models for all prayer and for all preaching. As to the models, imitate them, Sunday preachers—else why are they there, consider? As to the history, tell it. Some people cannot read, some people will not read, many people (this especially holds among the young and ignorant) find it hard to pursue the verse-form in which the book is presented to them, and imagine that those breaks imply gaps, and want of continuity. Help them over that first stumbling-block, by setting forth the history in narrative, with no fear of exhausting it. You will never preach so well, you will never move them so profoundly, you will never send them away with half so much to think of. Which is the better interest: Christ's choice of twelve poor men to help in those merciful wonders among the poor and rejected; or the pious bullying of a whole Union-full of paupers? What is your changed philosopher to wretched me, peeping in at the door out of the mud of the streets and of my life, when you have the widow's son to tell me about, the ruler's daughter, the other figure at the door when the brother of the two sisters was dead, and one of the two ran to the mourner, crying, “The Master is come and calleth for thee”?—Let the preacher who will thoroughly forget himself and remember no individuality but one, and no eloquence but one, stand up

before four thousand men and women at the Britannia Theatre any Sunday night, recounting that narrative to them as fellow-creatures, and he shall see a sight!

WAR PAINT AND MEDICINE-BAGS.

On the western side of Kitchi-Gami, or the Big Water (Lake Superior), is a certain island known as Shaguamikon, or "Something gnawed on all sides;" and on this island a couple of squaws and a lame unlucky lad, who could never be a Brave, built Mr. Kohl's birch-bark wigwam, laid his clean new mats, and lighted his fire, in the midst of the Ojibbeway braves. Very pleasant, we find, by the book he has written about it, was that life of his among the painted savages; full of magic and mysteries, medicine-bags and ceremonies, legends and traditions, which gave to Mr. Kohl a strange kaleidoscopic kind of insight into the Red Man's inner or spiritual nature; always the most difficult phase of savage life to understand. Bold as lions in the presence of physical danger, and with a fortitude almost superhuman when under physical suffering, the Red Man is among the most superstitious and superstitiously timid of God's creatures. Everything with them is matter for worship, or for awe. They have not only their Kitchi-Manitou, or Great Good Spirit, up in heaven; their Matchi-Manitou, or Bad Spirit, mysteriously connected somehow with the earth; their spiteful old water god, who puts one in mind of old Nis in the island of Rügen; their Menaboju—their Prometheus, or kind of creative demigod, but they have also their personal gods, or fetishes—the Manitou personnel, or nigonime, "My Hope," in everything they see that strikes their fancy or overwhelms their imagination. One makes his private or personal manitou out of a rock that seemed to nod to him one day when he rested at its base, giddy with fatigue and exhaustion; another hears the wind whispering strangely in the larch-tree, and forthwith makes that tree his Hope, and the great director of his path; a third owes all his success in hunting, and all his prowess in war, to a lump of copper shining out among the roots and moss above his wigwam; and a fourth finds a large misshapen boulder the nearest approach to divinity which heaven and earth has for him.

Worship includes sacrifice, and the principal Indian sacrifices are dogs and tobacco. The first, as the holiest offering possible to be made, is chiefly reserved for the Great Spirits; but tobacco is laid everywhere—on graves, on boulders, on masses of copper, at the roots of trees which have become private or peculiar manitous or nigonimes, and, indeed, wheresoever the Red Man wishes to show respect or to propitiate favour. Dogs hold an anomalous position in the Indian world. Kicked and cuffed out of the wigwam, so rarely caressed that, if you attempt to pat or play with them, they will tuck their tails between their legs, and run off snarling and whining, they are yet considered

as eminently sacred, and among the greatest boons of Indian life. They say that "the dog was created in heaven itself, and sent down expressly for the Indians." The pups are never killed, but are apportioned as playthings among the children, and, while pups, suffered to enjoy the same affectionate immunity from rough usage as the infants themselves. When grown up to perfect doghood, their treatment is as rigorous as that given to the boys and youths. Only one man is spoken of as especially kind to dogs, and he had Saxon blood in him. He was a very great chief called The Little Pine, the son of an English officer and an Indian squaw, and he, unconsciously obeying the instincts of his father's race, surrounded himself with a pack of dogs which he taught and admonished like children; arguing with them gravely on the faultiness of their conduct, and treating them precisely as a good family brave would have treated the young barbarians of his name and race. No, not of his name; for the Indians are too individual to accept even of parental designations; and no one is rightly "christened" until he or she has been put through various ceremonies. At the first the little papoose has no name; then some occasion offers—an animal crosses the creature's path in an out of the way place, the little hands clutch after something special and not quite trivial, or the father has a dream which settles all; and a dark cloud, a grey sky, a black bird, or a violent rain, seen in the dream, becomes humanised, so to speak, and remains as the designation of the child for evermore. If the father cannot dream satisfactorily, or if a hitch seems to come in any way between his vision and his child, he secures the services of a friend—a better dreamer than himself—who undertakes the office, and who perhaps gives such a name as The Man who Runs, The Yellow Fox, The White Otter, The Muskrat, and so on. But the friend is often asked only to superadd a name, so that the child may have the benefit of both dreams. At baptism, or when received into the order of the Midés, a second or a third name is again added; but of all these names one only gains the upper hand, and by one only is the future sage or warrior known. Another peculiarity about these names is, that an Indian will never tell his own, nor a squaw mention her husband's or her stepson's, if possible to be avoided. When you want to know an Indian's name you must always ask it of another. Ask a squaw whose gun is that, and she will answer "It belongs to him," or "to the man who has his seat there," pointing to her husband's place. If she speaks of her son-in-law, she is equally reticent and paraphrastic. "The man who performs the part of son-in-law in our house," is the most direct title which a stranger will get from her.

Dreams are great powers in Indian life; they are preliminaries or adjuncts on every occasion. But the most important is that which comes to a youth, when, on approaching manhood, he is led out into the forest to fast and dream. A bed is prepared in the high trees by

interlacing the topmost branches, then covering them with moss and a new mat. A few branches growing still higher are meshed together in a sort of arch, as a protection against the wind and rain. And here the youth lies, fasting and weary, exhausting himself in wild imaginings, with strict orders to let himself down and return home if a bad dream or the nightmare oppress him; and here comes to him his life-dream, the vision which is to decide his future course, and point out his coming days. Sometimes, when very young, or more impressionable than the race in general, the lad fails in his first trial, as happened to The Cloud, who, unable to resist the terrible hunger and thirst that fell upon him after three days' trial, came down from his bed in the pine-tree, and devoured all the edible sprigs, plants, mosses, and herbs which he could find. His dreaming was over for that year, for he had broken his fast, and the Good Spirit could do nothing for an acolyte wanting in the first requirements of an Indian brave. The dreams are of various kinds, and all of those told to Mr. Kohl were highly poetical, and full of meaning. To him who is to be great in council, or terrible in war, to him who is to be a mighty hunter, or a "medicine man" of power, appear dreams that point distinctly to that future; and with the unvarying logic of human life, the dream helps to confirm the tendency, as the tendency helped to cause the dream. Sometimes there have been dreams by magicians, or jossakids—we should call them clairvoyants—which have strangely foretold coming events. Thus the arrival of the French, from the Lower Saint Lawrence, revealed itself to a jossakid in the interior, who, with his people, had never heard a whisper of the Europeans. Our magician assembled all the chiefs and braves and Midés of the tribe, and told them what he had seen in his dream, and what infinite necessity there was for them all to go down at once and meet these strange white denigods, come from afar. They agreed, and journeyed on in hope and faith, exactly as their leader, the dreamer, indicated; until they came to a camping-ground where the mightiest trees had been cut down, smooth and level, to the roots, as their sharpest stone tools could not have cut them—looking, in fact, as if they had been gnawed by the teeth of some gigantic beaver. Here they found the most curious "medicine" things (irreverent Saxon workmen name them shavings), long rolls or curls of thin wood, evidently of divine origin, which they reverently thrust into their hair and around their ears, and accepted as nothing less than miracles. And then they went on, and soon came to the long knives and fire-tubes and snow-coloured faces which the jossakid had seen in his dream, and had described before setting out; and then, after being well treated and kindly spoken to by the pale-faced strangers, they returned, each man to his own wigwam, and smoked no end of pipes in commemoration of the event.

Sometimes their dreams are purely personal. The Black Cloud dreams thrice of his dead uncle,

scalped three years ago by those eternal enemies of the Ojibbeways, the Sioux, and how he appears to him, commanding him to take vengeance on his murderers, and let the scalps of his foes flutter round his grave; others dream of becoming cannibals, or windigos, and most frequently end in being the thing they dread. Even girls have their dreams, their vague mystic visions of life, when the spirits mutter to them through the woods, and the great mysteries of nature seem to come nearer and nearer to their gaze. One girl dreamt that she was to be a renowned female runner, a kind of red-skinned Atalanta, whom none could distance but the one chosen beloved; and she became what she dreamt. She went with her tribe on one of their invading wars against the Sioux, "lifted a scalp," and ran home before even the swiftest of the youths could see the smoke of the village fires. She was a great heroine in the procession that commemorated the return of the Braves; walked in front, with the Sioux's scalp flying like a banner before her, and shared in all the honours accorded to the best of the warriors. Another girl had a brother, the sole stay and support of the family, killed by these same Sioux; and in consequence of the dreams that came to her, thick and fast, felt herself impelled to sacrifice a Sioux in return. Her lover was one of the tribe, so one night she stole out towards his tent, whispered to him through the cracks of the apakwas, enticed him out into the forest, and murdered him. Then she left off dreaming; her widowed mother was comforted, the chiefs and braves applauded her, and she strode through life with all the pride and glory of a forest Judith. A man dreamt that he must kill seven men of his own tribe, not enemies, and he did manage to kill three before public suspicion made itself felt in his own public assassination. No one had actually seen him, but every one knew that he did commit these murders, and when a party of the friends of the slain struck him down, the whole tribe felt their hearts lighter, and confessed that justice was fairly executed.

The Windigo dream is the most dreaded of all. It seems to be a form of insanity, and one of the most common forms known among these people. If a man live gloomily apart from the rest of the world, people get afraid, point him out as a probable windigo, and shun him with every mark of fear and aversion. And when a man quarrels with his wife, his most potent threat often is, "Squaw, take care, thou wilt drive me so far, that I shall turn windigo." This superstition is a remnant of the old belief in a race of aboriginal ogres, or ghouls, current throughout America; a belief highly exciting to the Indian mind, but intensely abhorred. Beside these primeval windigos, or ogres, those great old forests once knew, and still know, a fairy life, fluttering like flowers, or falling like dewdrops, among the thick branches of the trees. Small pigmy men are they, extremely delicate and ethereal, sailing in minute canoes, and hunting with tiny guns; in fact,

doing all that the red-skins themselves do, only incaleculably smaller and more refined. But Mr. Kohl heard more of the windigos and ogres than of the fairies; and found it easier to meet with well-authenticated anecdotes of the first than of the last. A man shot another standing quietly among the reeds of the lake, "because he was a windigo;" and an old woman, gathering herbs, was shudderingly pronounced to be also a windigo, though no outward sign whatever would have betrayed her cannibalism to any but an Indian. These poor wretches seem to hold somewhat the place of our witches of the olden times, and doubtless meet with as much injustice and as much superstitious cruelty as did they.

The medicine-bags are among the strangest things connected with Indian life. Made of the skins of animals, with claws and tails left hanging, they produce the most striking pictorial effect when a number of men are dancing together, and whirling their medicine-bags in the air. Otter, fox, skunk, bear, snake, beaver, or any other beast of the woods and wilds, it matters not to the brave what he chooses, so long as he chooses somewhat in conformity with his name and nature. Everything of interest goes into these bags, even to the "medicine" which the Spirit gives them in the initiatory dream. Pieces of copper, certain small shells, mystery books, magic powders, amulets, charms, tokens of good luck and the kindly overlooking of the nig-nime—anything at all out of the common way, or in any manner connected with a man's private and individual superstition—is thrust into this bag, which is further adorned with small tinkling bells and strings of beads that make a pleasant tiny clatter, and thus answer to another need of the Indian nature—the need of noise. Mr. Kohl witnessed the baptism of an infant, as we should say, or, as they call it, the presentation to the order of the Midés of the child of The Grey Cloud. The father was a fine, grave, fiery-faced, shaggy old brave, who had made himself a mass of skins and tails from head to heel. The rough skin of a skunk went turban-wise round his head, the long parti-coloured tail hanging like a queue far down his back; and at his heels trailed fox-tails, like long spurs; while wherever he could add claws or tails, he had stuck them on as coquettes would stick on an extra end of ribbon, or a yard more of lace. But it was not of the shaggy old brave that we had to speak; it was of the medicine-bags, which played a most important part in that baptism, or reception into the Midé order of Indian humanity. These bags were, in the first place, filled with a secret spiritual power, a power of life or death, blessing or banning according to the will of the priests. It was part of the ceremony to make stabs or thrusts at the guests and assistants with these bags. One old fellow was specially vigorous, and leaped on his victims like a wild cat, puffing out his cheeks and shouting at the top of his voice, to help the medicine in his bag. Whoever was thus dealt with, incontinently fell on the ground in a shapeless, motionless, heap of copper-coloured flesh and savage finery; not dar-

ing to move hand or foot until released by another stab or thrust with the same bag; which was then charged with the vivifying spirit. And then instantly up jumped the prostrate braves and squaws, nimbly as so many squirrels, and the religious fun recommenced. One brown girl had been overlooked by her Midé, and was left on the ground in a huddled mass of tittering immobility. She would not have dared to have got up of her own accord, had the Midé left her lying for half a day; but a young companion took compassion on her helplessness, and timidly plucked the old priest back to his duty. A revivifying stab or thrust, was made with the medicine-bag, and away sprang the brown girl, laughing as merrily as the rest.

At this baptism Mr. Kohl witnessed another curious ceremony, namely, the expulsion from the mouth of each person present of certain small yellow shells, which were meant to typify the sins and sicknesses incidental to red human nature. These shells are highly prized by the Indians, are always carried in their medicine-bags, and large prices are given for them—almost as large as for the birch-bark mystery books. For they think that all spiritual matters should be well paid for, else the Great Spirit will be angry with his children for parting with his gifts and treasures too easily. They expel their vices in another manner at certain times of the year; thus, during the first moon in February, the young men say, "I reject my bad manner of living;" "I cast off my vices with the moon;" and instances are not wanting of conversions as sudden, as sincere, and as mysterious, as any got from the howlings of an Irish revival, or by alighting on a chance text, or by any other of the many modes affected by the Evangelical party in Christendom.

The "doll of sorrow," is another quaint idea or institution among them. When a young child dies, its mother takes a lock of its hair, which she wraps up and places in the centre of a bundle composed of the little creature's playthings, clothes, and amulets, and this "doll" she carries about with her everywhere and at all times for a year. It is nursed, caressed, talked to, played with, like the living child; and when the year of mourning is out, the bundle is unfastened, the hair is buried, and the amulets, &c., are distributed among friends. The idea consecrated in this strange custom is, that the soul of the little one is unable to support itself in its arduous journey to Paradise, and that the mother, by nursing and tending this emblem, does also nurse and tend the little soul, which receives the benefit of all the love and care showered on the "doll of sorrow." Mothers who lose their infant children are inconsolable, unless, indeed, a capable member of the family die too, an uncle, a big brother, or even the father; when the bereaved squaw will be satisfied, as now her babe has a protector who will carry it safely past the Great Red Strawberry and its fatal enticements, over the Serpent-bridge, and across the hideous chasm, and who will feed it

tenderly with paradisiac food—that delicious phosphorescent fungus which Kitchi-Manitou so kindly gives his Indian children in their Indian heaven. For their heaven is exclusively Indian; but universally so. All enemies on earth become friends in heaven; and Sioux, Blackfeet, Crows, Apaches, Ojibbeways, and Iroquois meet and mingle there in blissful oblivion of the wrongs which made them go to war so fiercely when down below, and account the raising of each other's scalps the first duty of life and its greatest pleasure. They do not hunt, either, in heaven; hunting ranks with war and work, and the only activities of Paradise are dancing, singing, playing at games, and eating. We can quite understand how these should seem to be the very essence of beatified life to the poor, toiling, warring, half-starved, unpeaceful Indian brave. And yet they are almost always cheerful, in spite of their precarious and painful life. In travelling, when the Canadians "give out," and sink under the privations and difficulties of their way, the Indians sing, laugh, are cool, brave, and collected. Without much demonstration and with no outspoken enthusiasm (they despise any great show of feeling, whatever it may be), they are wonderfully inspirited and inspiring, and shame even the bravest of the Europeans by their own superior fortitude and courage. Only in the presence of his superstitions is an Indian a coward, and then he is a child, an infant, whom the very name of "bogies" terrifies into stupidity. Sometimes, the brave comes back from heaven; and stories were told to Mr. Kohl of how such and such a one had been up the Path of the Dead, had seen the Great Strawberry, and passed over the awful bridge, and had then come back to earth to live out his unfinished life. And they have ghosts, too—real ghosts—wherein they are unlike that great romance magazine of the East, the Arabian Nights, where no such hint of immortality is given. But then the Indians believe in what we might almost call the "resurrection of the body." If their "doll of sorrow," and the return of a defunct brave, do not mean the actual translation of the living body into heaven, what else do they mean?

Games of manly prowess charm the Indians as much as they charmed the ancient Greeks; and a man who excels in these is held in as high honour as was the conqueror at the Olympic games, or the victor of the Elia. A swift runner and a first-rate ball-player stand in the same rank with a renowned warrior or a successful hunter; and that a man should be these is absolutely necessary if he would eat and drink and know how to defend himself from injury. And besides games of skill, games of chance are also dear to the red man's soul. In fact, the red man is a born gambler, and stakes as largely and as fiercely as the most passionate professor of roulette and vingt-et-un ever met with at the Baden Conversations Haus. Mr. Kohl nearly got himself into trouble by speaking to a handsome young fellow gambling at pages-sa; the game of carved plum-stones (pages-

sanag) shaken upright in a bowl. The young man turned round and made such an angry speech that the interpreter declined the equivocal task of translating it, but took his revenge instead, in a good round dozen of abuse of the Indian. All that Mr. Kohl could understand was, "that an Indian must not be spoken to while gambling." Like the Greeks in some of their games, the Indians are also like them in the exceeding sincerity and universal application of their religious faith. Nothing is done without a trace of religion in it. Their smoking parties, their meals, their games, expeditions, hunting-parties, wars,—everything has its own particular religious forms and ceremonies mixed up with it, even to the "grace before meat," usually held as especially and peculiarly Christian; and, like all savage people, everything is symbolic. The very paint on the face has its different meanings, from the fiery red of the war paint to the "mitigated grief" of the half-mourning pattern of trellis-work, or divided features. Sometimes half the face only will be black for mourning, and the other painted in various hues; and sometimes only a rambling diapering of lines will be drawn, with parti-coloured spaces in between, to show a more distant loss, or a less severe affliction than the face covered in black from brow to chin would have expressed. Blue is the colour of peace, and blue is the colour of the sky painted on their graves; but many Indians cannot distinguish blue from green. It is quite a national trait of colour-blindness among them. Sometimes they paint the sun on their graves black—they put heaven itself in mourning for the loved and lost; and sometimes they are astronomical, and depict the various phases of the moon, &c., on the living canvas stretched between the scalp and chin. The dandies often change their paint. Mr. Kohl knew a set, or clique, who altered the pattern and colour of their faces every day, just as our exquisites would change their waistcoats, or their neckties. But the war paint is the most terrible: fiery red, colour of blood, and all sorts of fierce things. Oh! they are ugly sights, these fellows, in their war bravery, with tags and tails flying, and their great red faces shining like copper-coloured suns out from the midst of dun-coloured clouds!

When they go on a warlike expedition they use many strange measures and precautions. A "sacrifice squaw," a maiden all in white, leads the way; they take very little baggage with them, and, because fasting is a religious war-exercise, fast much along the road; they never sit down under the shade of a tree while on the way, nor scratch their heads with their fingers—though the renowned warriors are allowed the luxury of scratching themselves with a piece of wood or comb; "the young men who go on the war trail for the first time" wear, like the women, a species of cap or cloth on the head, walk with drooping brows, speak very little, if at all, and are not allowed to join in the dead or war songs. Also, they must not suck the marrow from the bones of their food, and they

must not wet their feet. This seems to be the law for all, not only for the young men. Like the Arabs, the Indians make devoted friendships among each other, the bond lasting for life. "When a number have agreed to form such an union, they first exchange their horses, guns, pipes, and everything they possess, and then hold a festival, smoke together, and take a vow that this sharing of their property shall be repeated every time a friend is in want. They from this moment always assist in a war, and never refuse a request." These unions are never broken, despite the constitutional fickleness of the Indians, and are just as lasting and intimate when made between girls or women. Many circumstances in this bond remind one of the *dakheel* of the Arabs, and of the Slavonian "brother."

Those who want to know what are the secrets lying in the mystery books for which Mr. Kohl paid so many pounds of sugar and tobacco, and such multitudinous yards of gaily flowered calico for shirts, must turn to his volume of travels themselves. The secrets are not to be explained without the pictures, but both are sufficiently curious to repay the iddest for their trouble. Also, all the sign language we must leave: how, the first two fingers of the right hand placed astride over the forefingers of the left, and rapidly moved, represent a journey on horseback; how, for a foot journey, the two fingers are waved several times through the air; how, the hour is indicated by pointing at the exact position of the sun in the sky at that time; how, a day is made by passing the finger from east to west over the whole vault of heaven; how, the two forefingers parted and moved from the mouth like the split tongue of a snake mean lying: while one finger thrust forward in a straight line from the mouth means truth; how, the forefinger at the ear means "I have heard and understood," but the flat hand waved quickly past the ears, means "I have not heard," or "not understood," or "I will not understand;" how, "many," or "a large number," is indicated by clutching at the air several times, like a player on the castanets; how, serpentine lines on the ground, mean a river; how, the hollowed hand with the motion of drawing water, means water; and how, a hand moved up and down in the air means a mountain:—these and other most curious and intelligible signs must be searched for in the book itself. So intelligible, indeed, is this language, and so uniform among the Indians, that any two men of different tribes, not understanding a syllable of each other's spoken dialect, can communicate fluently by means of their ten fingers; can tell long stories, make jokes, ask advice or aid—in short, can do all that lips, teeth, and throat can do. This sign language of the red men is the only attempt at an universal language that has yet been successful, and, indeed, seems to be the basis of hieroglyphic or picture writing, which has always come before the phonetic, or written alphabet. What if these half-naked Indians use, in the shadows of their

western forests, the same primitive signs and symbols as those which the great Pharaohs translated into stone, and stamped for ever on their eternal history-books by the waters of the Nile!

OUR EYE-WITNESS IN LOW SPIRITS.

ARE there so few sources of melancholy in the world, so few things to make one wretched, that we must needs seek out gratuitous misfortunes, and plunge, of malice prepense, into desperation of our own making? Is external London so hilarious that we must escape from it and take refuge in stalactite caves, and in mouldy cities by moonlight? Can we not extract damp enough from a wet day in the month of January, that we must go and be sprinkled with the spray of a New River Company waterfall dimly lighted by inadequate gas? Do we know no bores, that we must go and pay a shilling (sixpence extra for reserved seats) to be bored by bad imitators of bad imitators of our popular entertainers? Does no vulgarity of those with whom we are occasionally brought in contact ever set our nerves on edge, that we must have them tortured by professional and studied smartness that reaches the very inmost marrow of our spinal chord? Is the natural gaiety of the metropolitan heart so boisterous that asylums of sadness, where that hilarity may be tamed down, are absolutely required for the safety of the national character? It must be so, else why the Tristisium.

Size, dirt, premature age, and an absence of fixtures, are among the first things which strike the visitor to this institution. Of all these phenomena, perhaps the most striking is the premature look of age about everything in the interior of the building. It is a wonderful and puzzling inquiry how it has had time to get so old, considering the comparative reency of its erection. To take, for instance, the theatre. If one of the apartments in the palace of Versailles had been left untouched, unrepared, unswept, since the period of the construction of that superb edifice, it is just possible that it might, by this time, present an appearance in some slight degree approximating to the astounding antiquity of aspect which distinguishes the Theatre Royal, Tristisium. What is the reason of this? Do dull entertainments and bad jokes turn into noxious vapours, and wreath themselves around the huge columns which are humanely placed about this apartment, so as to impede the view of the stage as much as possible? Is it the vapour of many comic songs that lingers in noisome blackness on the ceiling? It may be so. It may be, also, that the music to which this theatre is accustomed may have aged it prematurely; who shall say how its brow—to speak figuratively—may have been darkened by the piano alone, which keeps the orchestra together—an instrument which has been purchased, regardless of expense, by the authorities at the Tristisium, and which is distinguished by being so supernaturally out of tune,

that it is a subject of rejoicing to all persons with nerves that the whole of the other notes are destitute of all sound, except that which would be produced by striking a piece of firewood with a knife-handle.

The portentous and bewildering misery of the Tristisseum, which, like everything else connected with the place, is colossal, has been remarked upon by many persons; but few, if any, know to what train of circumstances this melancholy is to be attributed. The Eye-witness can enlighten the public in this matter. He has discovered that there exists in this capital a society called "THE MISANTHROPIC SOCIETY," to whose agency are attributable many remarkable features of this metropolis, to which allusion may on future occasions be made, but which are brought more especially in connexion with the present report, for reasons which shall be presently explained.

The members of the London Misanthropic Society are men of considerable wealth, who yet hire themselves out in certain capacities which the means at their disposal render it wholly unnecessary that they should engage themselves in. They are ever ready to accept situations as lecturers on the polarisation of light, or the formation of strata, at our scientific institutions. They will undertake to keep order during the longest speeches delivered at Exeter Hall; and they clamour for employment as bell-ringers at all chapels where they may be allowed to perform twice a day for three-quarters of an hour upon a bell of impaired and cracked constitution.

The habits of the Misanthropic Society are as remarkable as their principles. They meet every wet Sunday in a large building belonging to them, situated in the New-road. This assembly-room is bounded on the right by an Hospital for Spinal Curvatures; on the left by a Widows' Cap Dépôt; over the way is a Penitentiary; and a reservoir, and a Particular Baptists' Chapel, are within easy view of the windows. Every member of the company lives in Pentonville, and they all drive, on the wet Sundays before mentioned, to their rendezvous in separate mourning coaches, except the president, who travels—reclining at length, and reading a good newspaper by a dark lantern—in a one-horse hearse.

Your Eye-witness had no sooner heard of the existence of this society, than he at once resolved to join it, feeling that such great revelations and discoveries would result from his taking that step, that it was nothing less than his absolute duty to do so. He has not been disappointed. Having signed his indentures and pledged himself to dress in black, to shave off his beard, retaining, however, a pair of whiskers, and to wear a mohair stock; having declared his determination to abstain henceforth from all wines and fermented liquors; having generally professed his readiness to discourage all schemes tending to enliven the metropolis or its inhabitants, and to foster and encourage to the utmost all such projects as appeared in all reasonable probability

likely to bore, harass, and depress the town and its inhabitants as aforesaid; your E.-W. was duly elected, and having taken lodgings in a back street in Pentonville, and ordered a mourning coach to call there and take him up, found himself at the Society's Rooms on the very next Sunday:—which happened to be one of those days combining in a felicitous manner the fullest measure of moisture, with a sharp and cutting east wind.

The hidden mysteries connected with the initiation of a new member by the Misanthropic Society are extremely awful, but your Eye-witness is bound by so dreadful an oath not to reveal them, that upon that part of the subject he remains tongue-tied. All he dares to divulge is, that the members meet in a large apartment, the blinds of which are drawn down; that they sit upon Windsor chairs round a deal table, each with a glass of cold water before him, and read papers of their own writing. As soon as every member has read his paper, and finished his tumbler of water, the society proceeds to business.

It was at this period and stage of the proceedings that your Eye-witness made the great discovery which he now designs to give to the world. He found to his amazement that it is part of the system of the Misanthropic Society to get hold of such public places of amusement as their immense wealth puts within their grasp, and to support one by the proceeds of another. Let us take a special instance.

Your faithful witness has seen with his own eyes the LEASE OF THE TRISTISSEUM. Of that melancholy building, the Society are the real lessees. It was before him on a giant roll of parchment which he strove in vain wholly to unroll. It would curl up tight as fast as it was unfurled, and your E.-W. could only see a fragment of this deed at a time, strive as hard as he would. He saw, however, enough to explain a great deal. He saw that the document required that the building should be kept in *untenantable disrepair*; that it should be inadequately lighted; that no mops, brooms, or pails of water should be used within its walls; that to repaper, or paint, or scrape any portion of it should forfeit the lease; that the introduction of so much as a single pail of whitewash, or block of hearth-stone, or square of soap, should involve the same penalty; that every tendency in the papers on the walls to peel off, or the plaster to crack and crumble to the earth, and in the ceilings to mildew, should be cultivated in the highest degree; that the principal saloon should be in the centre of the building, and should be so surrounded by other apartments that the external air should never reach it; that portrait busts without labels, should abound, and be placed on pedestals which should wobble when touched; that a general tendency to much bare and echoing corridor should be encouraged. That no first-class exhibition of any kind or sort should take place within the walls; that no singers or players of eminence were to be admitted, nor any gentleman allowed to give an entertainment

who could not produce authentic credentials to prove that he should be able to combine, in equal parts, the qualities of dulness and vulgarity; that any one flash of real wit or humour should involve the expulsion (with ignominy) of the entertainer; and that any great and remarkable feats of dulness and boredom should be rewarded by an increase of salary to the performer.

Unrolling another yard or so of the tightly-curling parchment, your Eye-witness read, also, that there should be special seasons of the year when lures and baits should be held out by the ogres then in possession of the institution, for the inveigling and drawing into the same of youths and even infants of tender years; that for this purpose Christmas-trees should be provided, and should be hung with appalling masks, gaunt and long-legged dolls, animals of uncouth and previously unknown formation, and the like engines of terror and despair; that these should be distributed by lot among the aforesaid children of tender years. It is, moreover, specified that an especial invitation to attend at these juvenile entertainments be despatched to the married clergyman who advertises for "unruly children:" there being no instance on record of any young person who has gone out from any one of these festivities in other than a humbled, crushed, and spirit-broken condition.

It is furthermore shown in this agreement that there shall be a general absence of fixtures, and a cultivation of a certain bareness of aspect throughout all the rooms, apartments, saloons, and lobbies, of this edifice; that there shall at all times be one or more vague and terrible bird's-eye views of our leading European capitals on sight—artfully arranged so as to cause all such persons as had nourished in their minds intentions of visiting the said capitals to determine rather to remain in their native country, in untravelled obscurity; and that when these have been long enough before the public eye they shall be withdrawn, and such a representation of our own capital be substituted in their stead as shall prove to the wretched metropolitan that he is actually living in a more ghastly town than any of those which had previously awakened his alarm.

Nor shall any cheering or encouraging aspect of any place or places be permitted, and whereas there exist in many minds, impressions in connexion with certain things and places which are favourable to the same and calculated to invest them with certain charms and attractions, there shall be on view in different parts of the building called the Tristisseum, models or representations of such places and things, which shall daunt and scare the beholder, and destroy in a moment his previous conception of them. And this shall be especially the case with regard to a model which shall be erected of a Swiss cottage—a species of edifice viewed too favourably hitherto by the human race—and also with a certain view of a ruin called Netley Abbey, which has been likewise a favourite with the English public, but which must be so no longer.

The said Swiss cottage especially, shall be so constructed as to present a bleak, ghastly, and forbidding appearance, and shall be generally very terrible and discouraging to behold, and if the architect or builder shall be able so to devise the said cottage as that children of tender years shall scream on being taken into it, and that men of a sensitive and melancholic fibre shall sit down in dark corners of the same, and inquire wherefore they were born—if the said builder shall attain these objects, he shall receive a pecuniary reward, and shall also be permitted to occupy—rent free—a turn-up bedstead opposite the waterfall, in the said Swiss cottage itself.

And because the pictures* or panoramas already spoken of as representing the leading capitals of Europe shall be (however invested with horror) insufficient to terrify and dismay some of the bolder and more sanguine persons who may occasionally visit the Tristisseum, there shall be provided, in the centre of the building, a certain small and circular chamber which shall ascend at certain hours to a gallery of a dark and terrible nature, commanding a view of the said pictures or panoramas. And the said ascending chamber shall be provided with a seat extending round its whole circumference on which the before-mentioned bold and sanguine persons shall be seated in a ring, and facing each other, and there shall be six small and flickering oil-lamps in the ascending chamber which shall emit a great smell and but little light, though enough to enable those who are about to ascend, to distinguish each others' features and to look in each others' faces for comfort, but to find none. Moreover, the said ascending chamber shall, at its first rising, heave, and sway, and quake, in such wise that those timid women and infants of tender years, whose presence is especially solicited, shall cry aloud with terror, and shall clamour to be liberated, but in vain. And it shall happen that this heaving, quaking, swaying, and rolling of the ascending chamber shall continue throughout its ascent, and shall be of such a nature that it shall cause many nipping and yearning throes and convulsions in the stomachs of those ascending, and shall be productive of sensations similar to those experienced by persons unaccustomed to the sea, who find themselves on shipboard, in rough and turbulent waters.

And since it hath been observed that the presence of sculpture in large quantities and in plaster, is productive of an effect which is the reverse of exhilarating, there shall be in the Saloon a redundancy of casts from such sculpture—antique and modern—as hath been remarked to exercise the most chilling influence on those beholding and examining the same. And a certain dampness and miasmatic clamminess having been, as before shown, ordained to be cultivated in all parts of the institution, it shall also be discreetly introduced into the sculpture arrangements even of the above-named Collection. And this shall be especially noticeable in the catalogue, which shall in the very first six items of its numerical list con-

tain no fewer than four allusions of a watery nature, as thus:—No. 1. Going to the Bath.—No. 2. William IV.—No. 3. Coming from the Bath.—No. 4. Bust: General Sir R. Ferguson. 5. Boy and Frog: design for Fountain; and No. 6. DELUGE. This is to be a specimen of the general arrangement to be observed, and it is further suggested that there should be many figures introduced, dressed with scarfs: a form of garment more suggestive of cold than any other that hath been devised, and infinitely more so than none. And because no person hath ever derived any comfort from a contemplation of plaster Cupids, let such images abound and meet the visitor's eye in all such parts of the Saloon as shall be capable of accommodating them.

One more clause of this remarkable lease. The exact wording of the document shall be given in this case, as the subject is very important: "And WHEREAS it hath come to the knowledge of the noble society and guild called the London Misanthropic Society, that in spite of the provision of dullness and gloom set forth in the preceding paragraphs of this agreement, and which provision is on a scale which might be expected to satisfy the most exacting of audiences, that yet the moneys taken at the door of the building called the Tristisium are insufficient for the maintenance of the said building, and wholly inadequate to the keeping up of the succession of entertainments hereinbefore specified; and WHEREAS it is the firm determination of the London Misanthropic Society that the said building and the entertainments shall be maintained and kept up, whether duly supported and sustained by the public or not: IT HATH THEREFORE BEEN RESOLVED AND DETERMINED by the aforesaid society or guild that a certain portion or portions of the moneys, profits, gains, and emoluments derived from another of their possessions or properties to be hereinafter designated, shall be appropriated to the keeping up of the buildings, dwelling apartments, theatres, saloons, lobbies, out-houses, dripping caverns, waterfalls, lonely pools, and all other parts and appurtenances of or belonging to the said Tristisium, and also to the payment of the lecturers, givers of entertainments, singers of songs, welders of glass, and all other persons promoting the misery of the frequenters of the said Tristisium, in due and fit proportion to the services rendered by all such persons to the honourable society to whom the said Tristisium of right belongs:—and WHEREAS it hath been decided that the funds to be appropriated to the above purposes shall be drawn from the said society's richest and most profitable source of emolument and gain, which is above and beyond all others the entertainment called the Tussaud Collection in Baker-street,—IT HATH THEREFORE BEEN DECREED that such dividends or sums as may be

required for the maintenance of the exhibitions and performances above described shall be withdrawn from the profits of the said Tussaud Collection, and escheated to the said Colosseum, and to the provision necessary for the maintenance of the same."

Shall these things go on, and shall the Misanthropic Society have it all its own way? Surely not. Let us consider the remedy.

There appeared a week or two since in the columns of this journal, a communication from the father of a large family of boys, in which it was suggested that certain establishments should be opened for the use of schoolboys during the holidays, where the means for every kind of bodily exercise and amusement should be provided, and where they might spend the day innocuously to others and profitably to themselves. By all means let this suggestion be carried out, and by all means let the Tristisium be one of the first district Branch Boy Depôts, organised under this new system. How much employment might be furnished to these youngsters were the place taken for them as it now stands, and handed over to them just as it is! Let the boys be loosened upon this place. Let youths who are bringing up to the engineering profession, see what they can do in the way of blasting the rocks of the Alpine Department. Let dumpy levels and theodolites be brought to bear. Let them sap, and mine, and counter-mine, and revel in fosse and counterscarp to their hearts' content. Let them assail the waterfall. Let them turn it off, mop it up, staunch it, in any way that their ingenuity may suggest. Let them besiege the foreign city by moonlight, and reduce that city (it is nearly invisible already) to dust. Then, for mere amusement, what a fund of diversion lurks for them in every nob, spike, recess, and projection of the Stalactite Caverns! Then the Statues—what opportunities of mutilation are here! how many plaster noses invite the hammer! There is a colossal statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, which is so tall, that the smiling Premier only just fits in under the ceiling of the corridor in which he stands. There is a deal of breaking, in a statue like that. Once let the boys be loosened on this grim and terrible place, and we might do well yet. Let them drive the Misanthropic Society from this their chief stronghold, and then we will proceed to a consideration of other inroads upon their property, and other subtle and ingenious methods of loosening the hold which this deadly guild has established upon our injured and unresisting metropolis.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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